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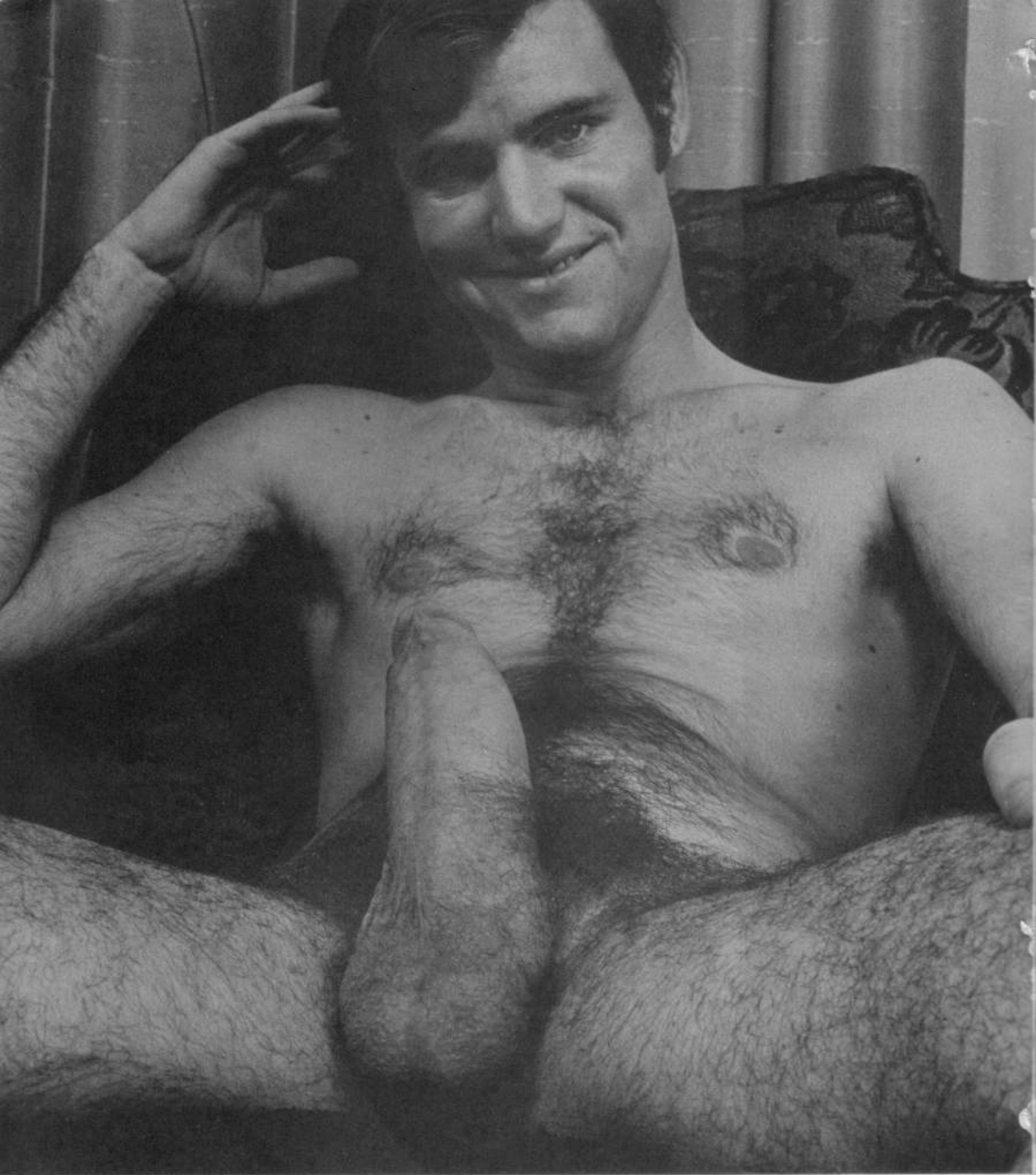

MALE PIX ANNUAL '77
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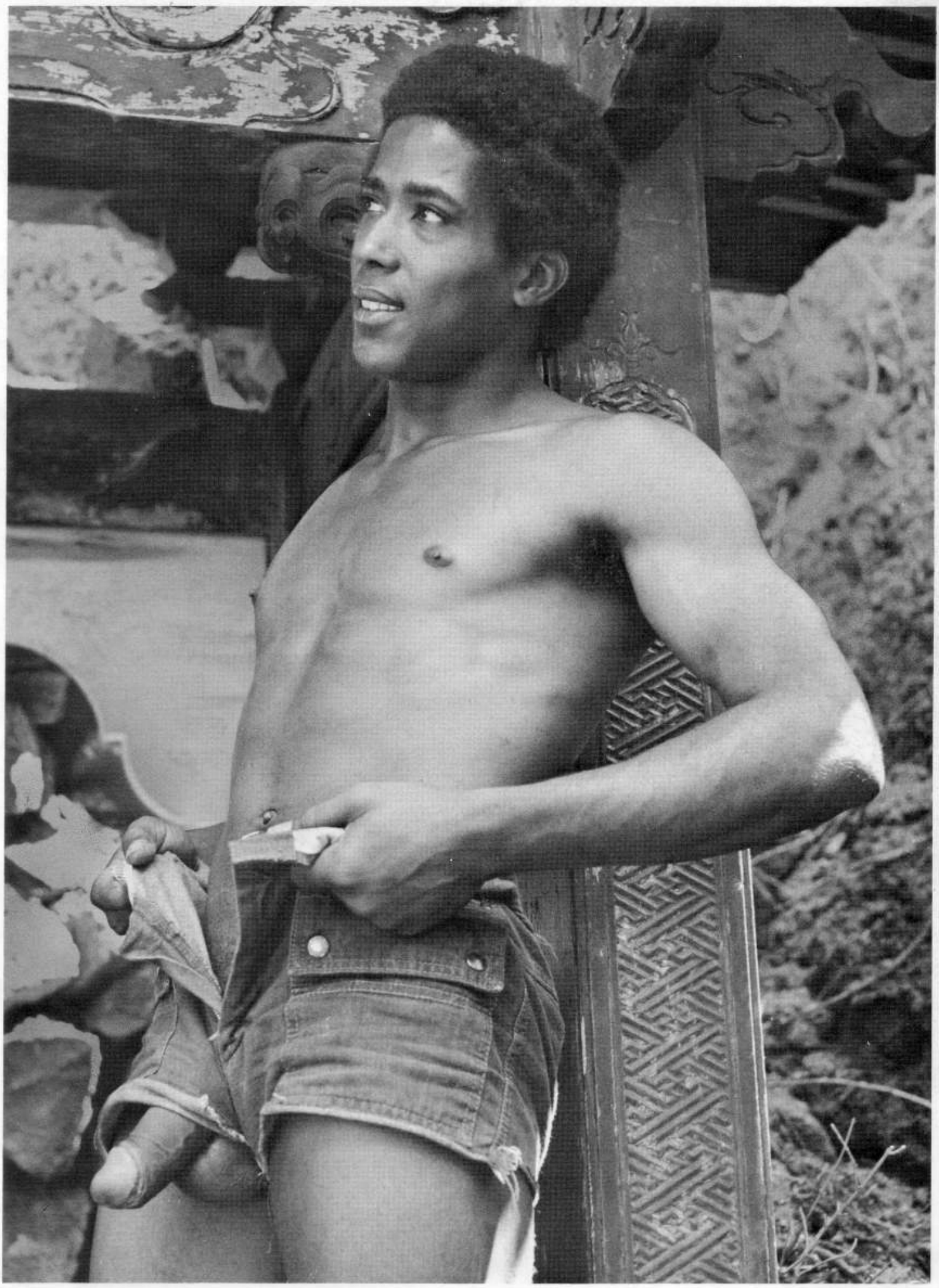

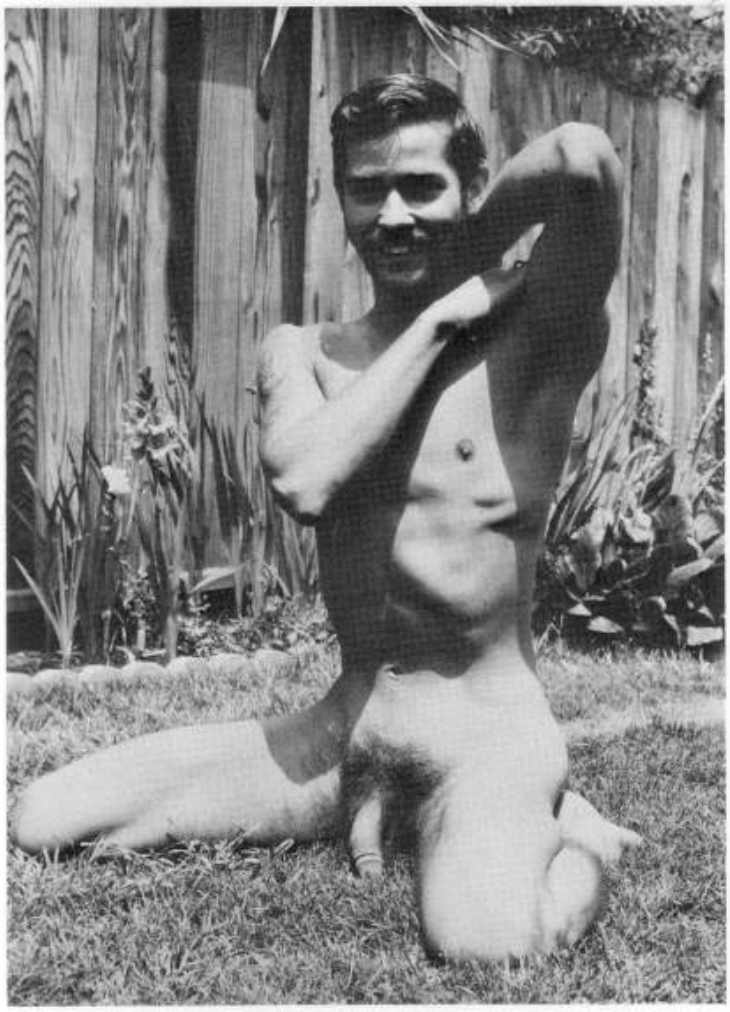

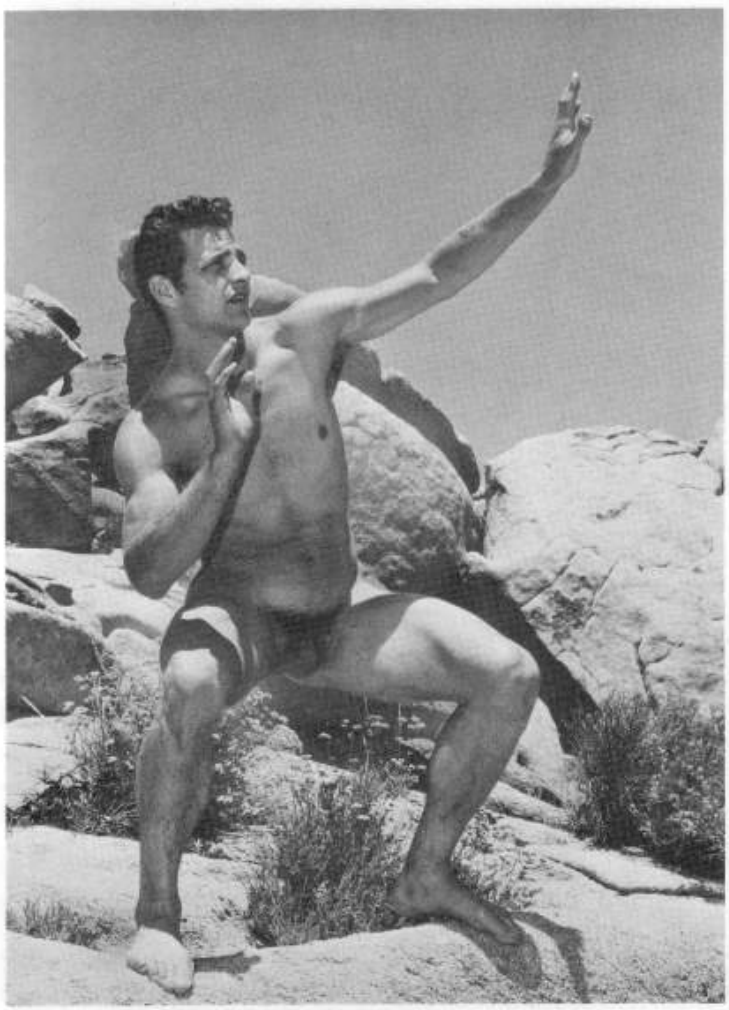

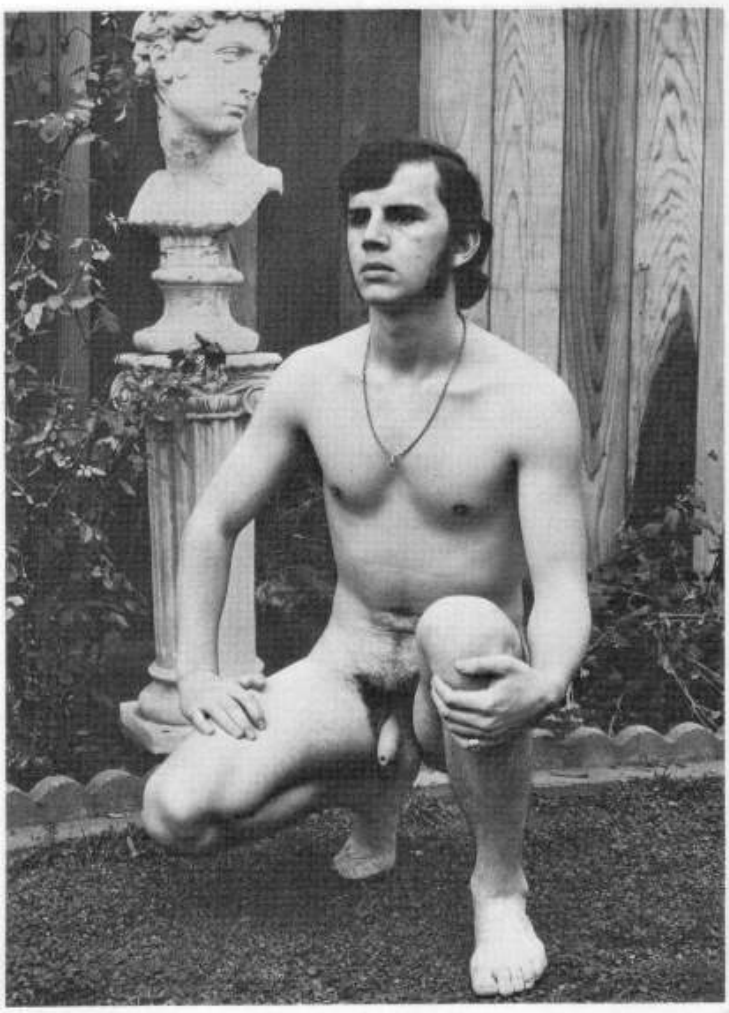

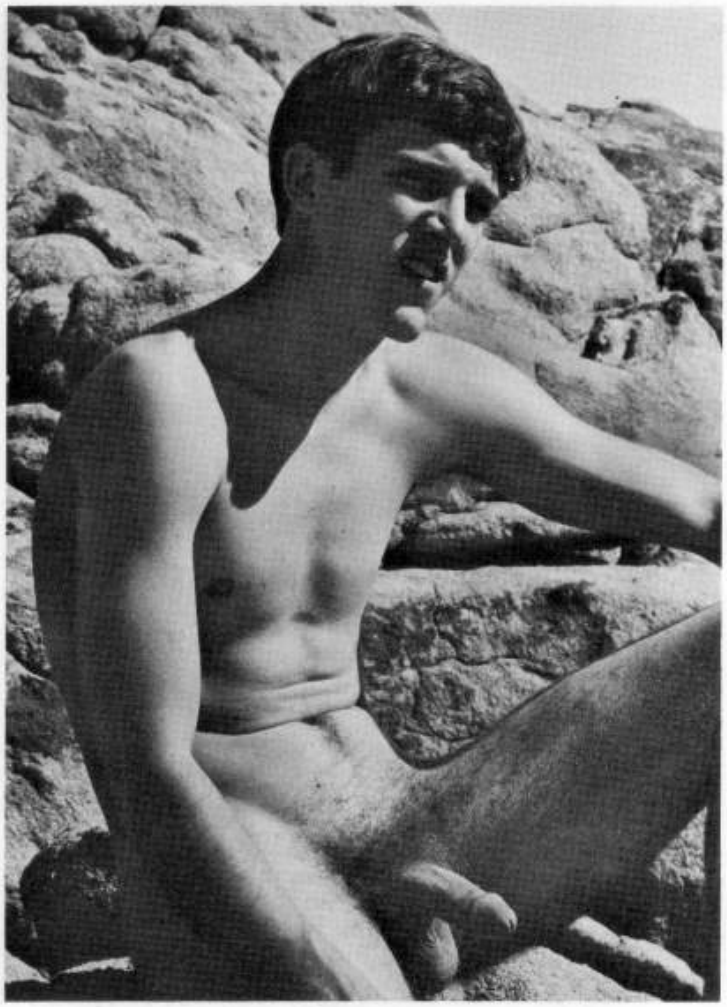

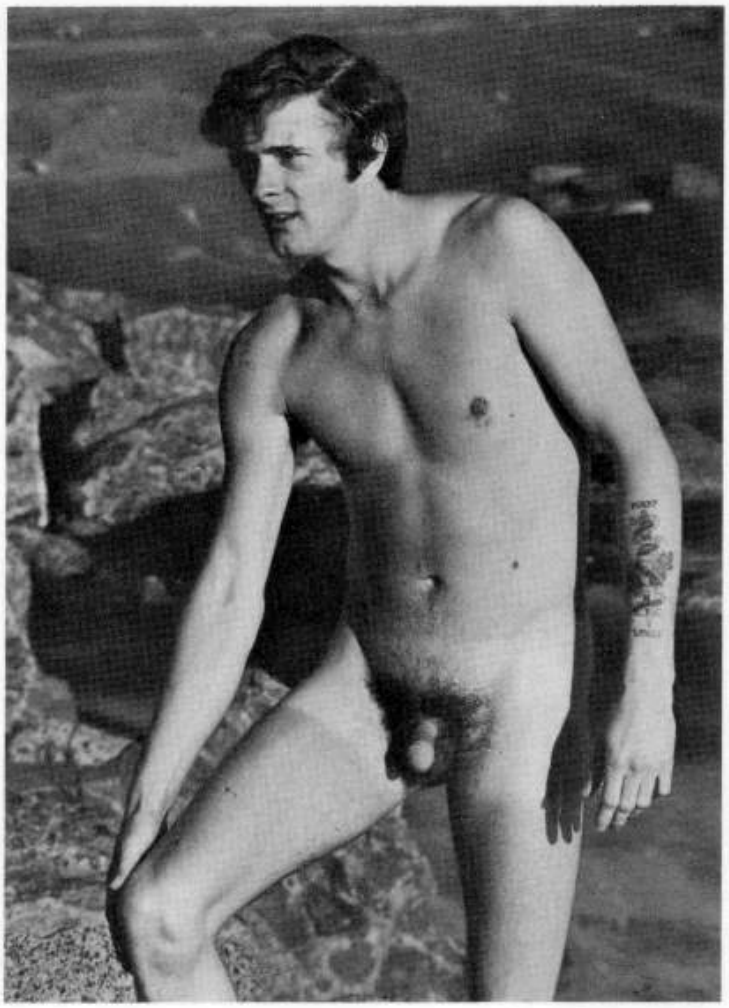

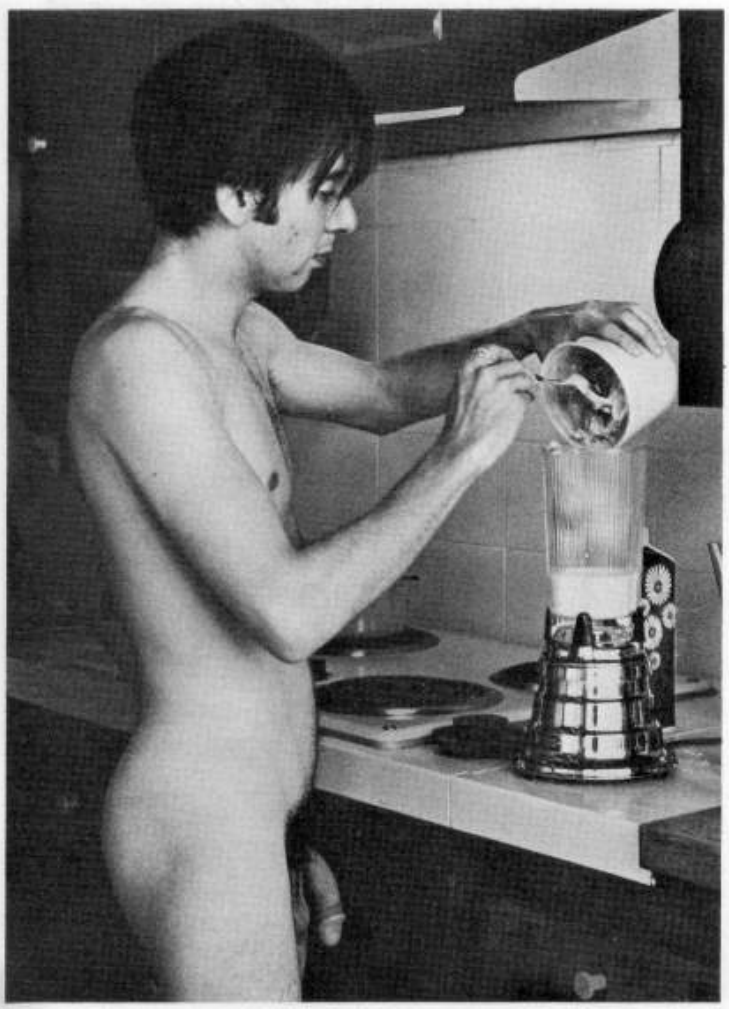

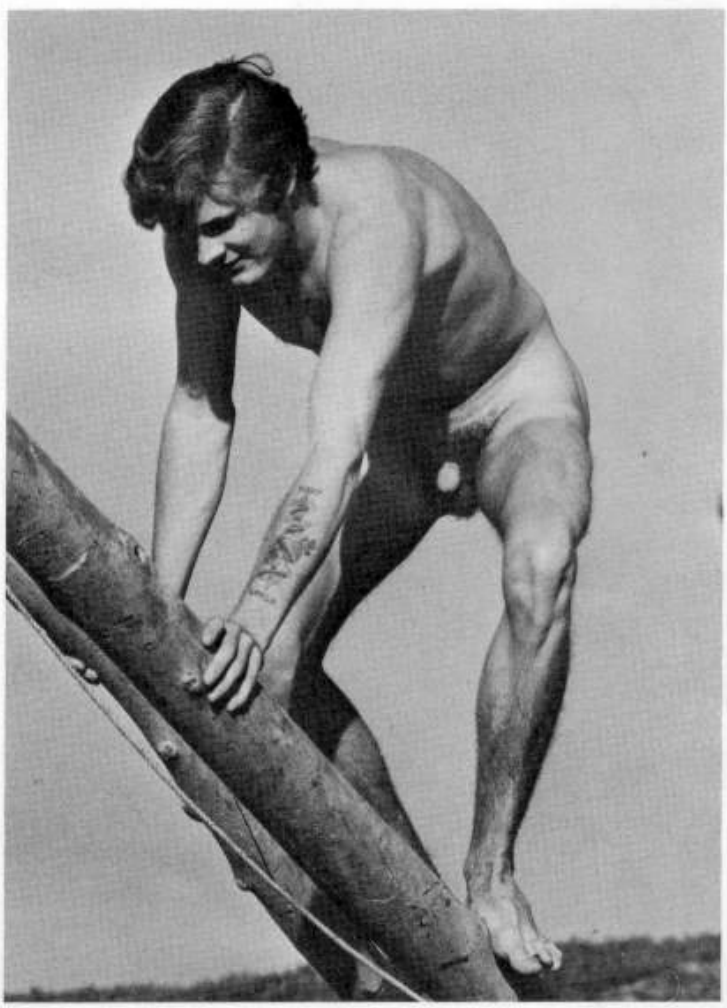

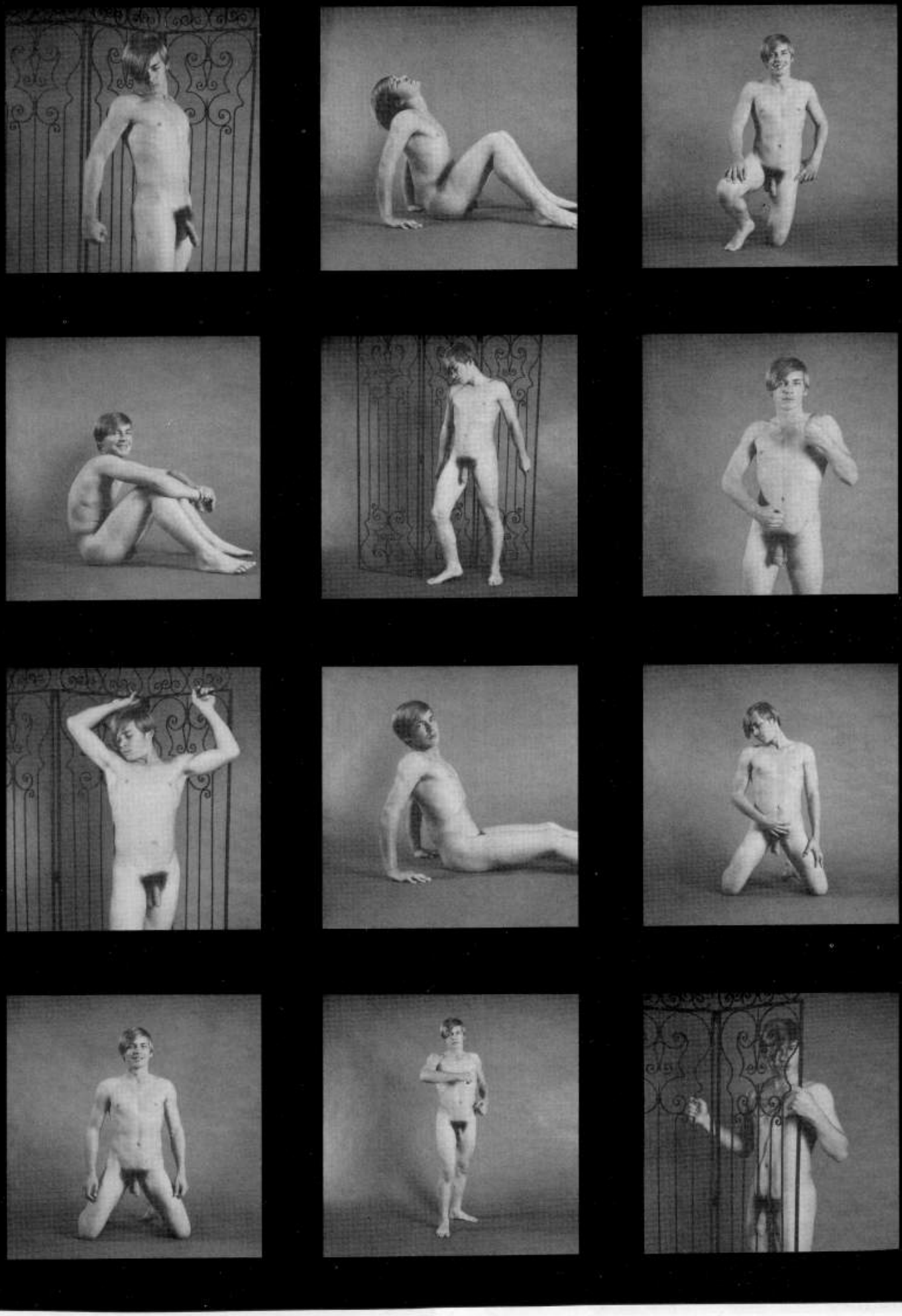

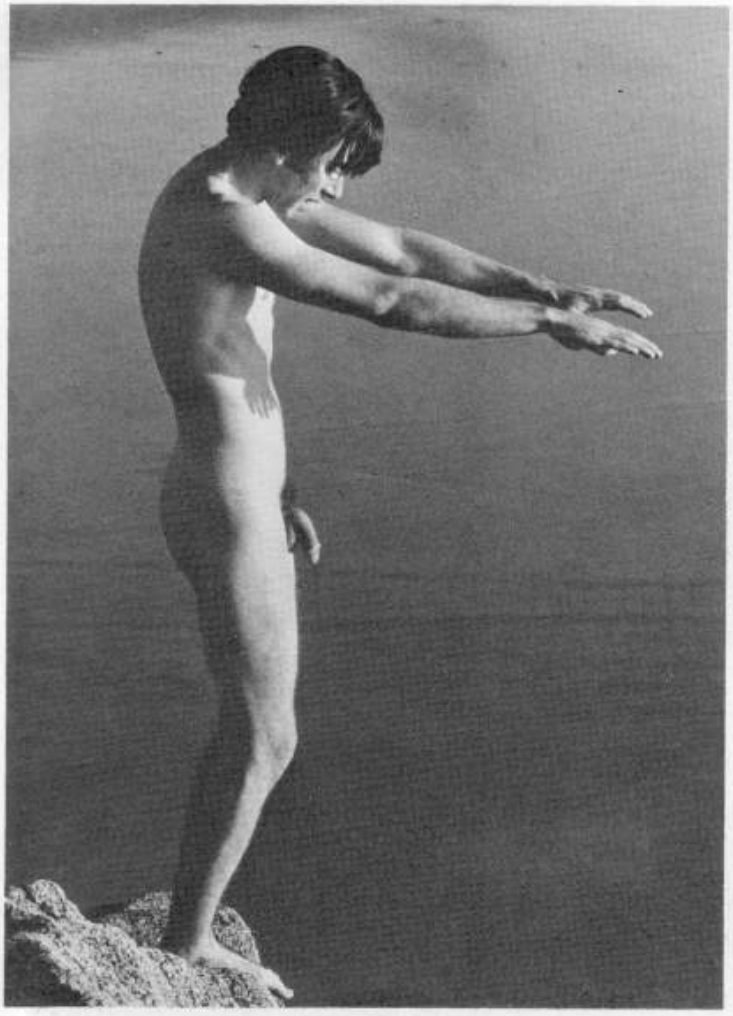

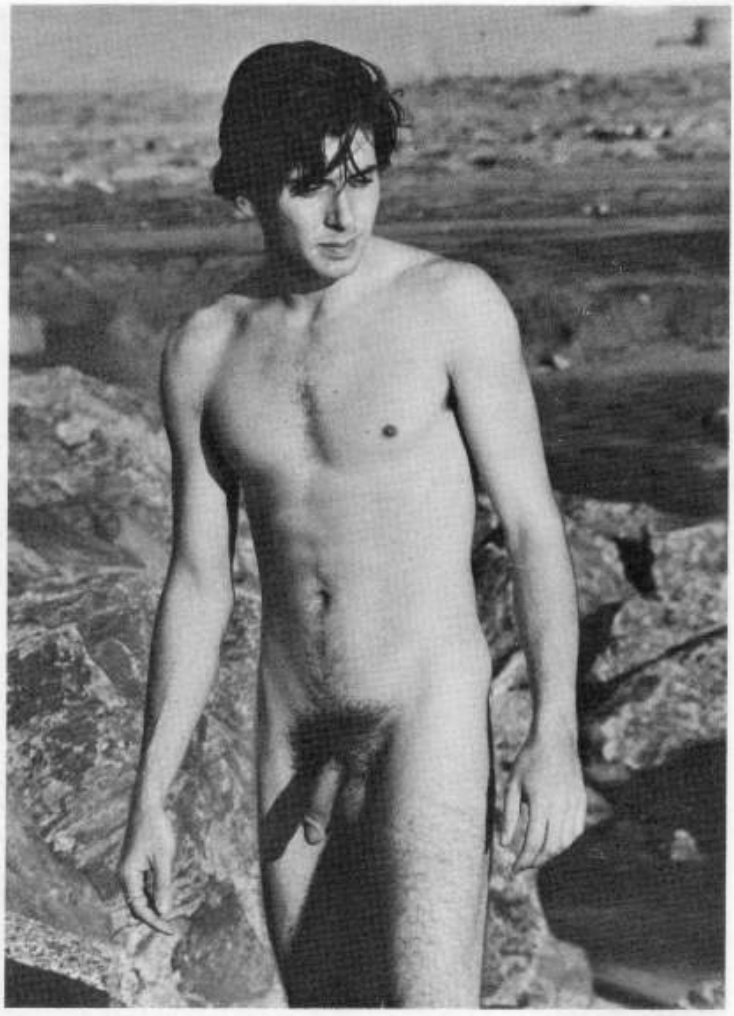

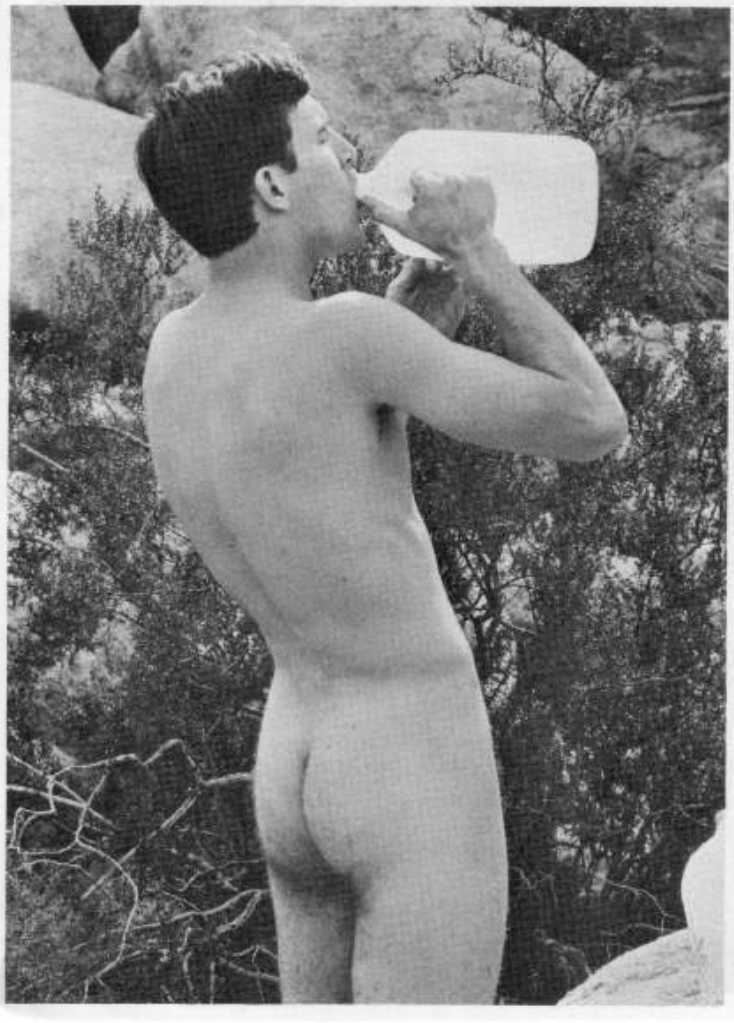

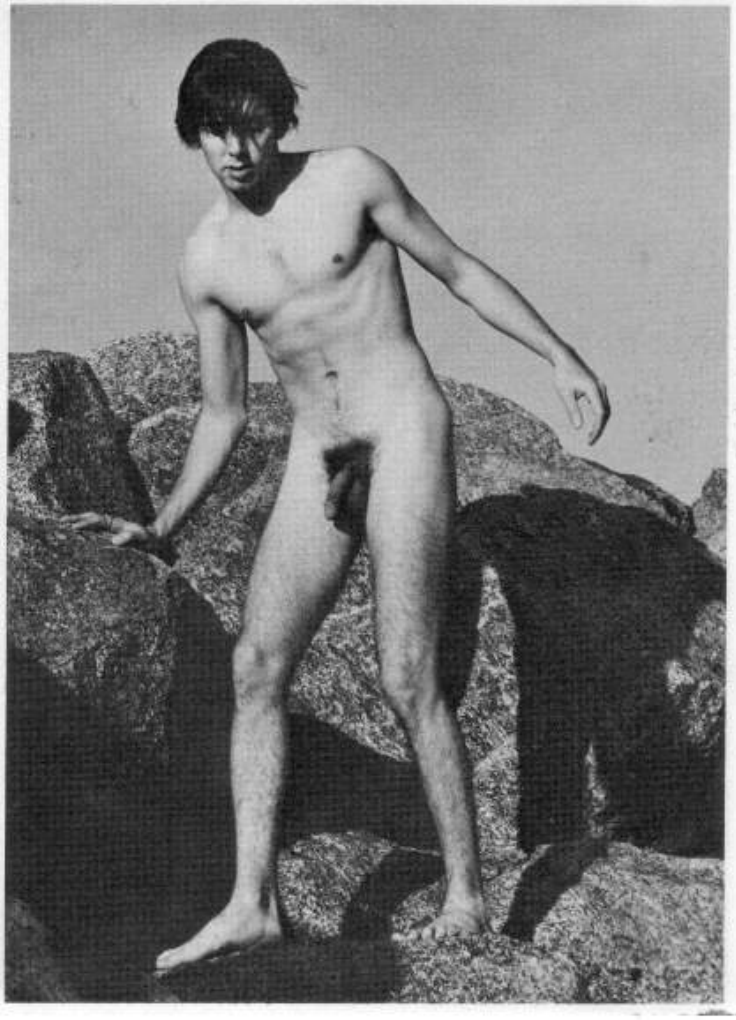

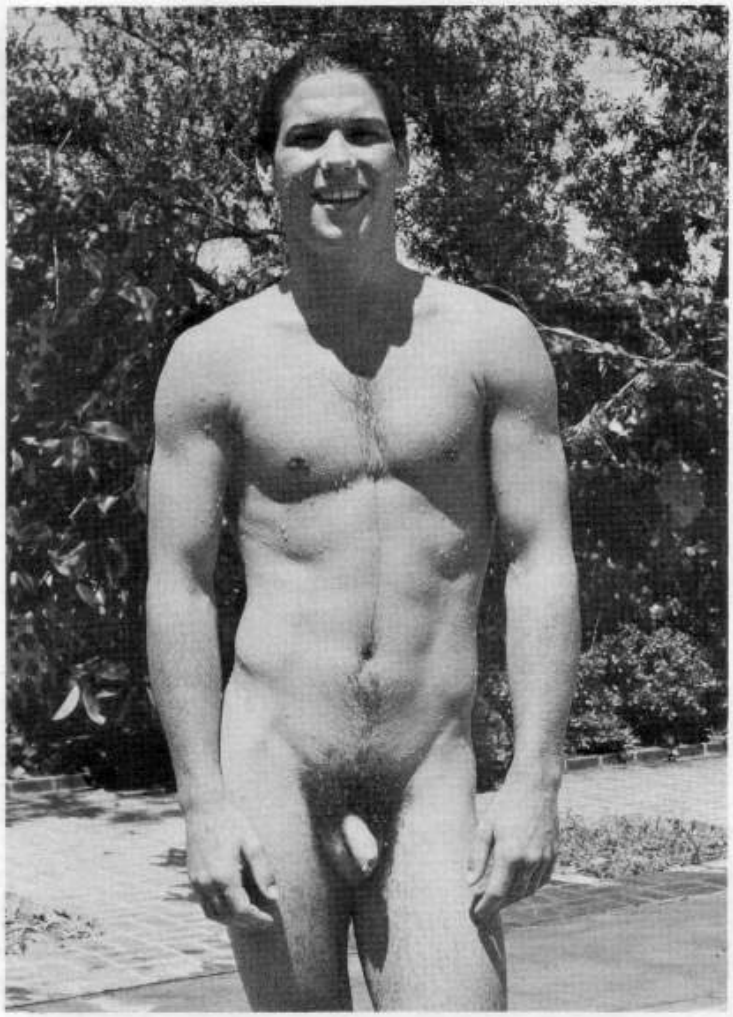

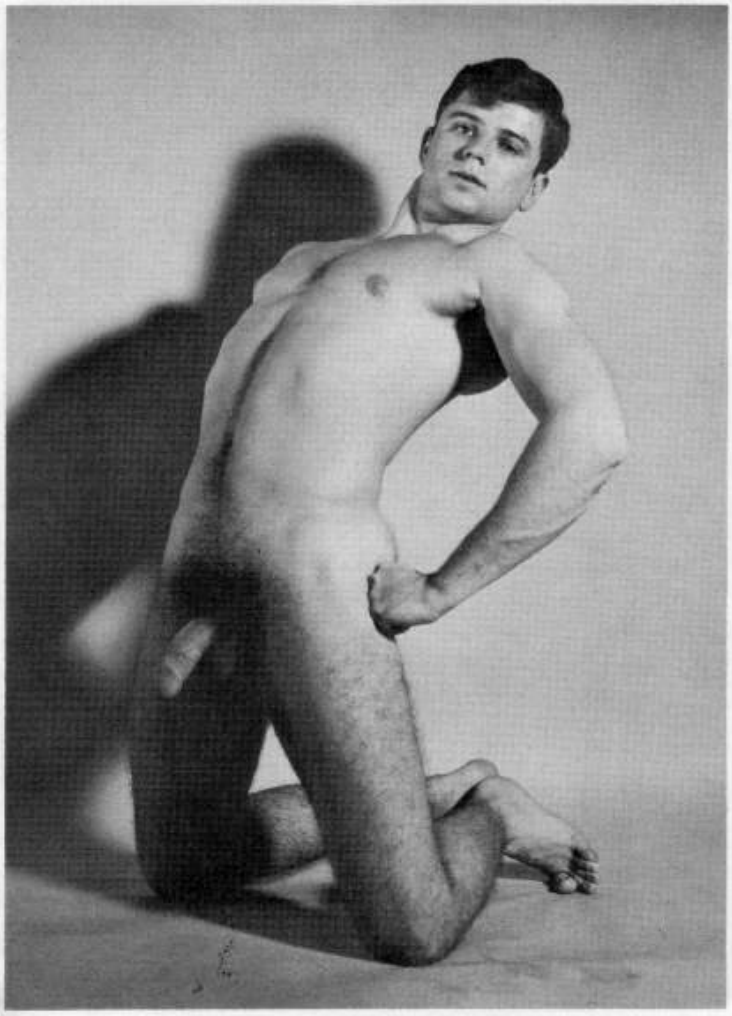

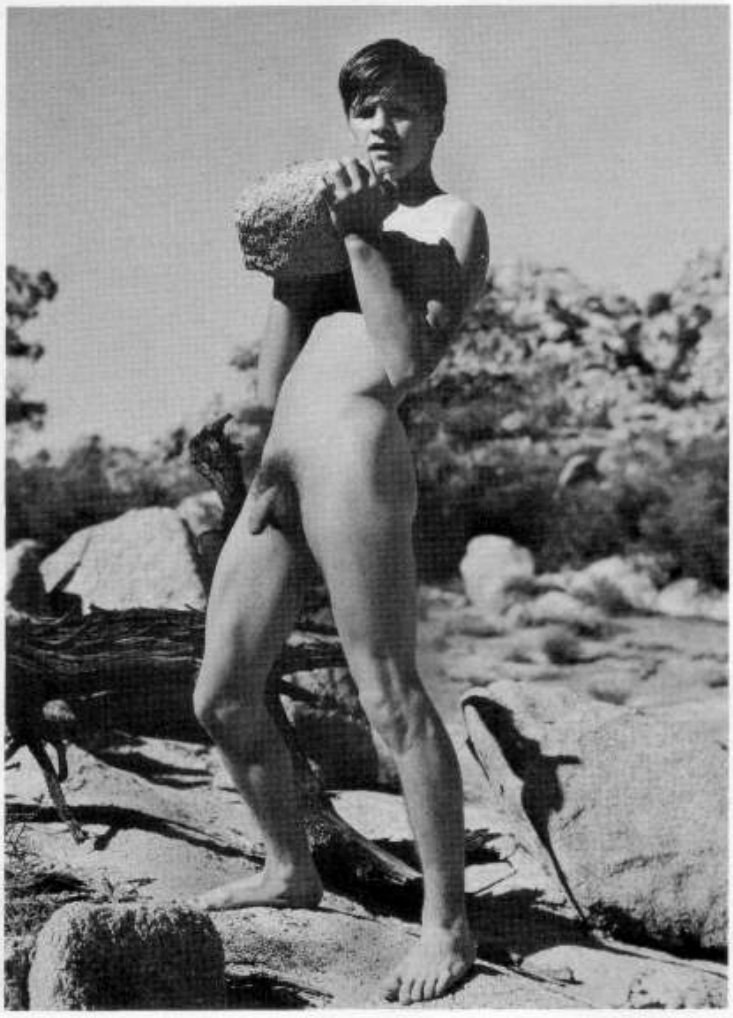

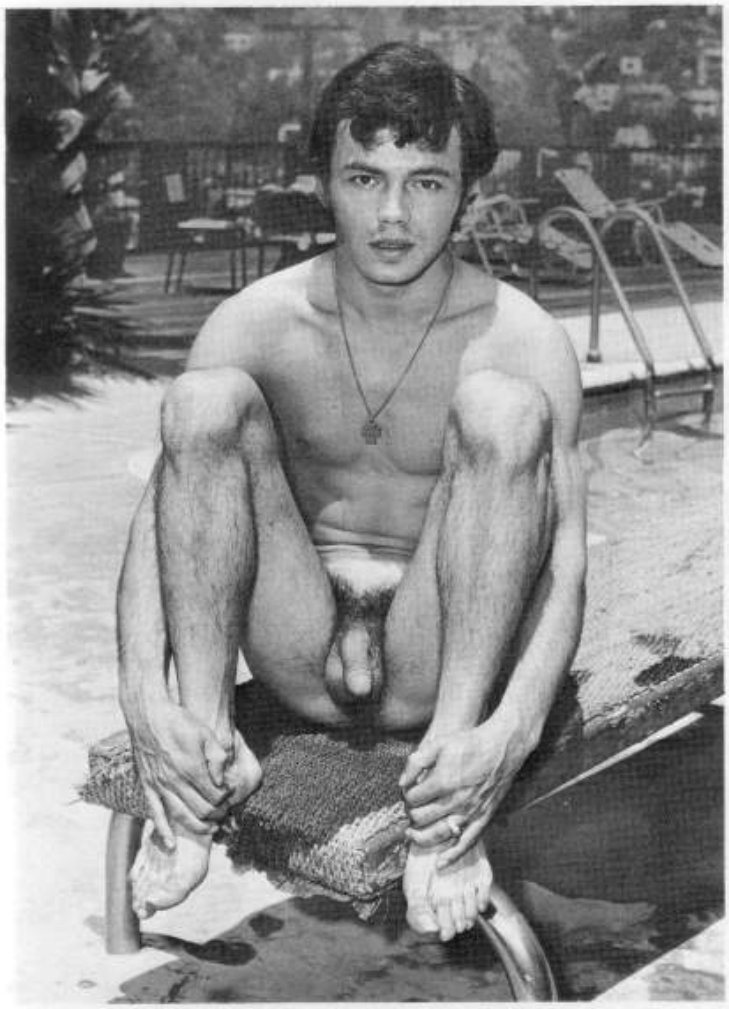

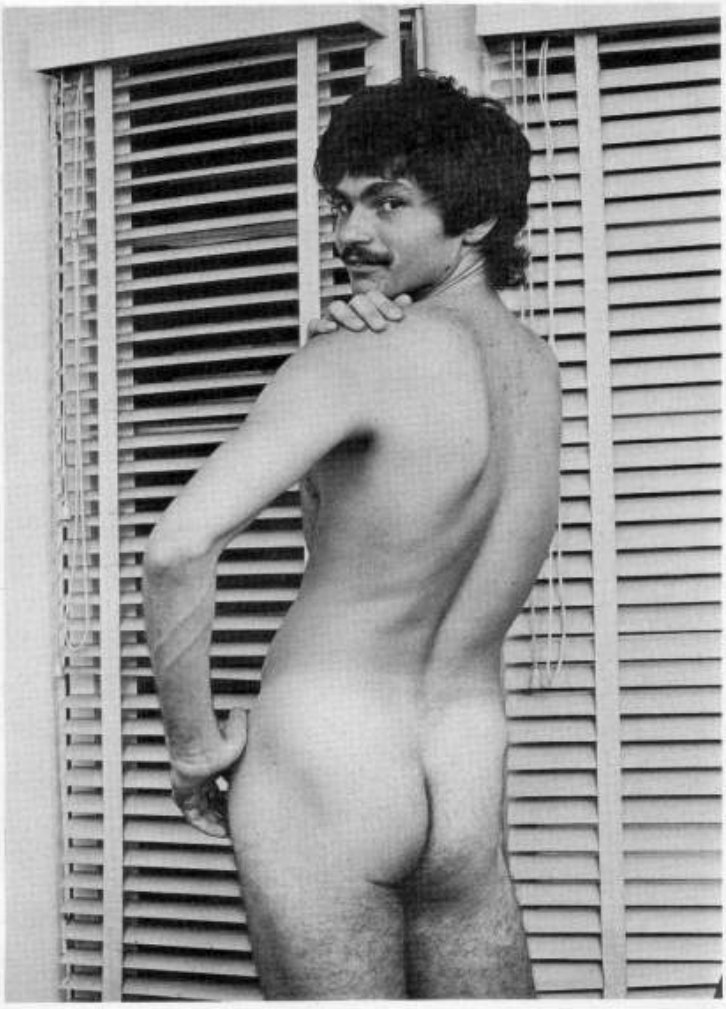

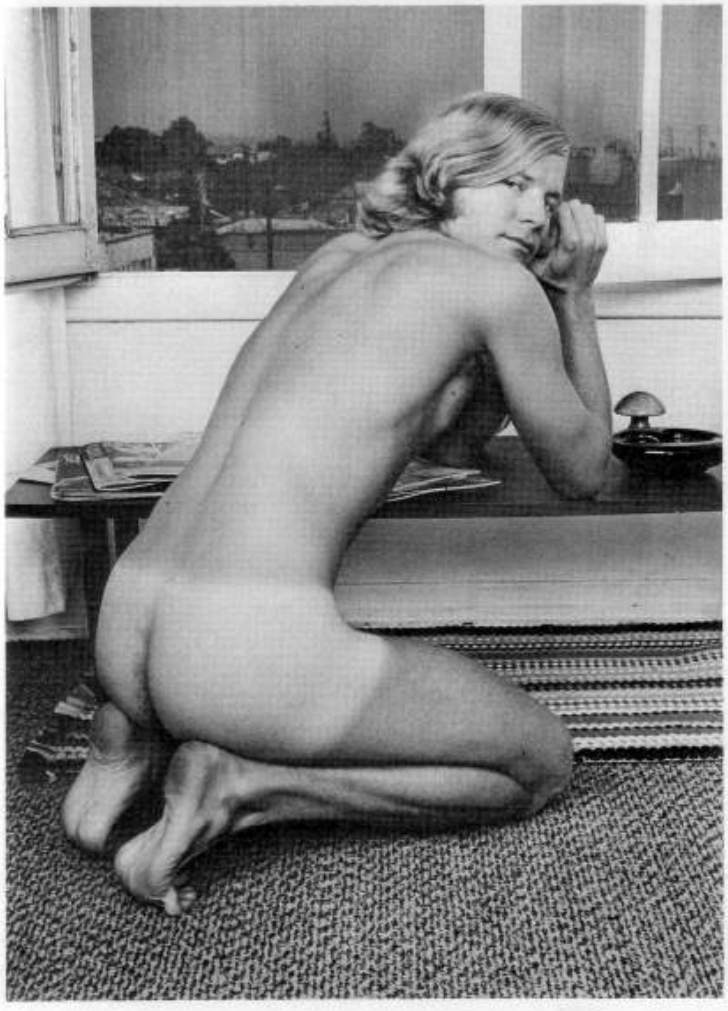

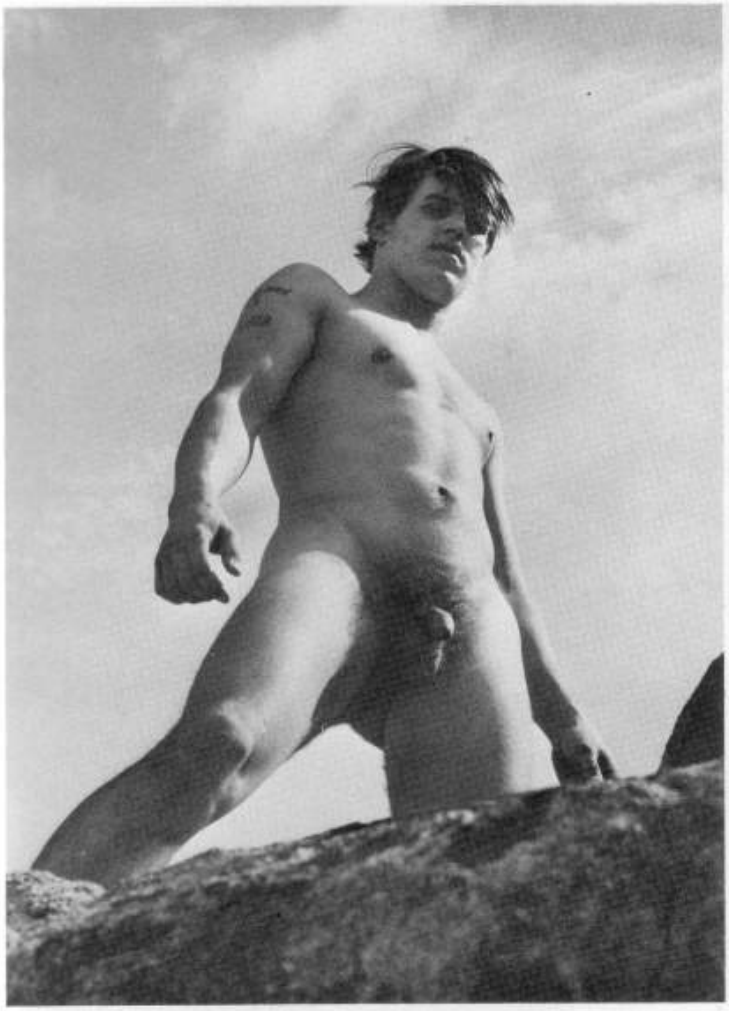

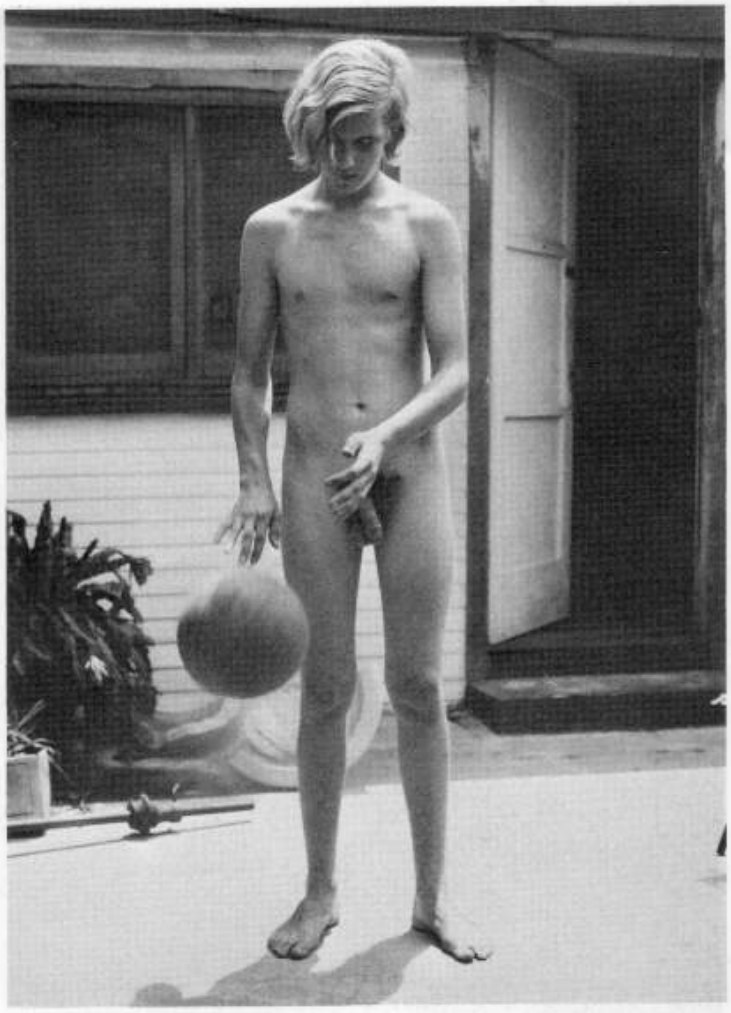

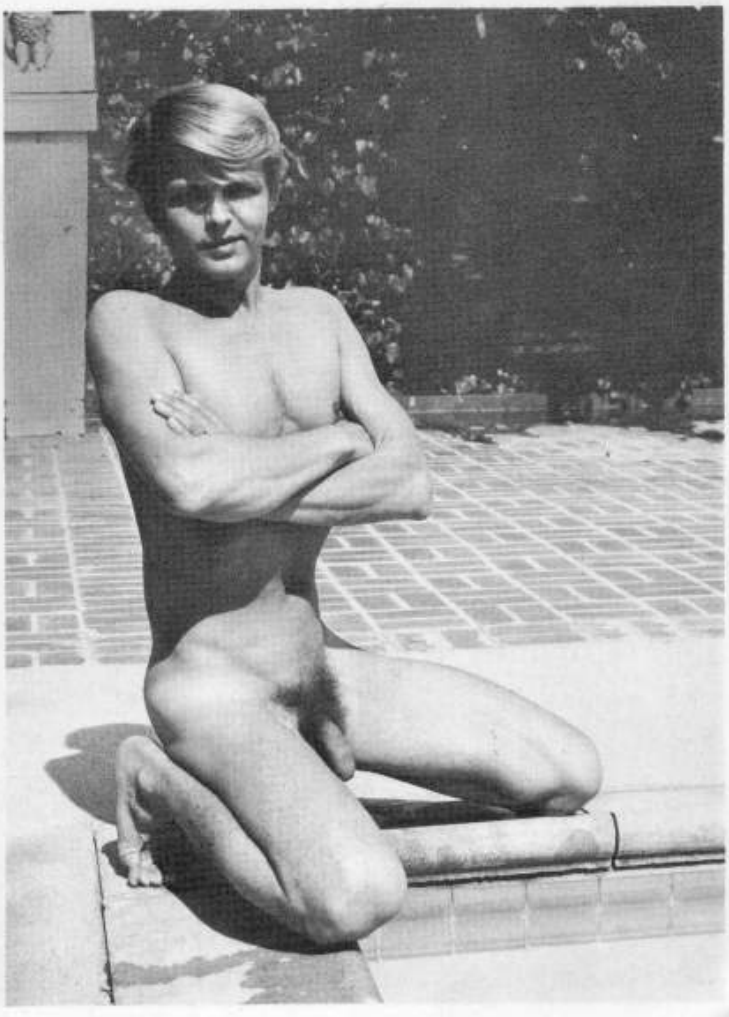

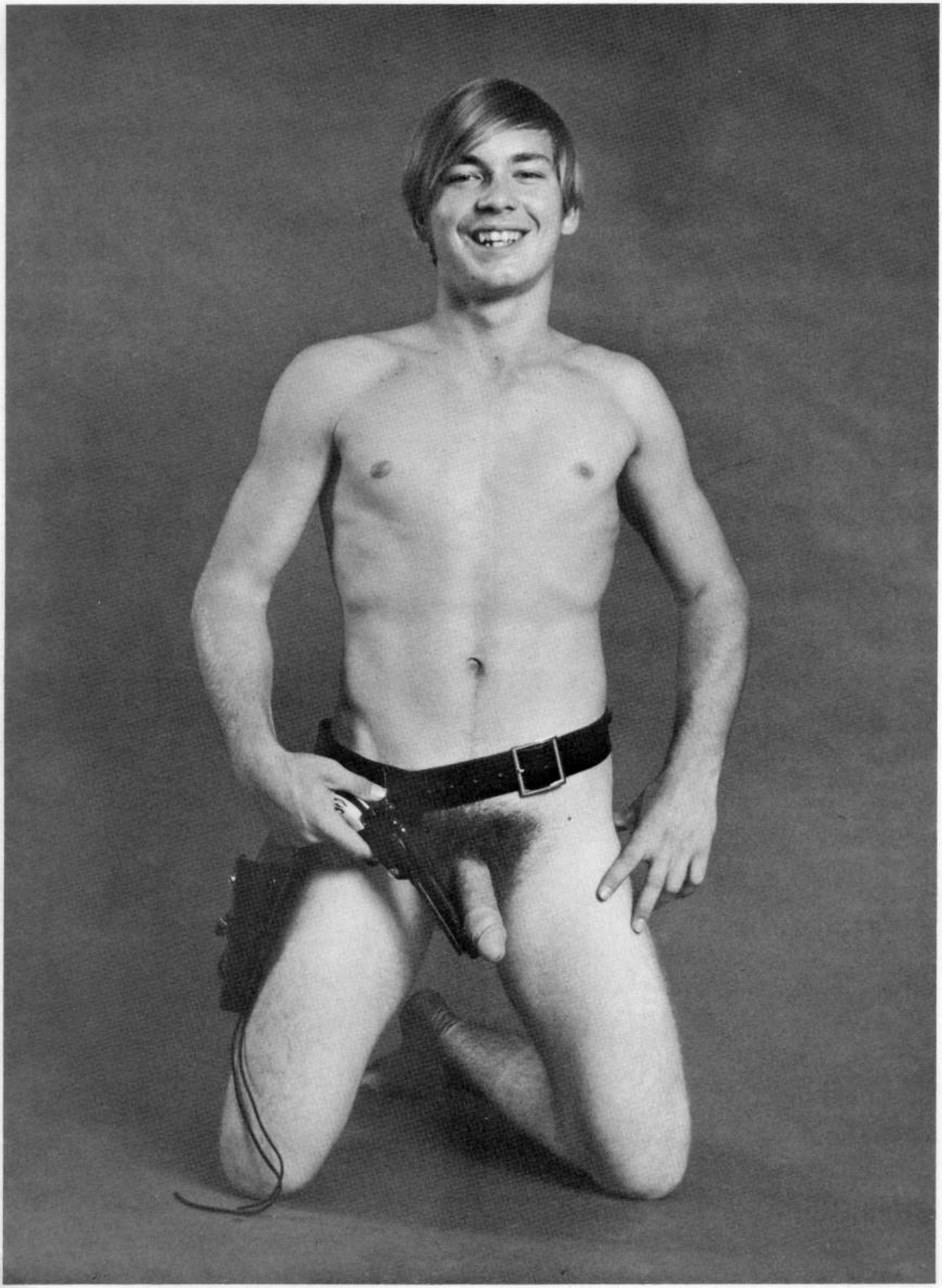

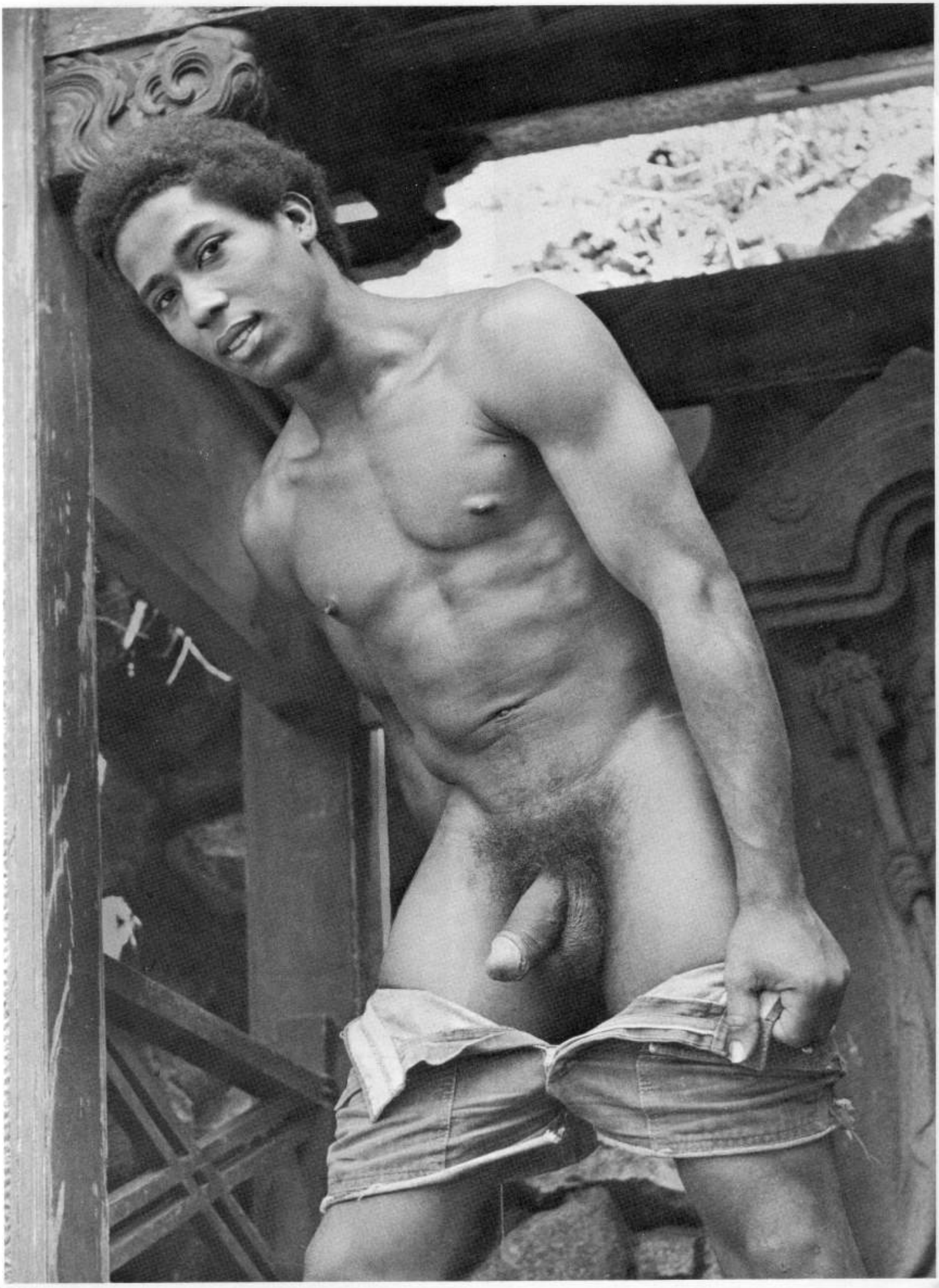

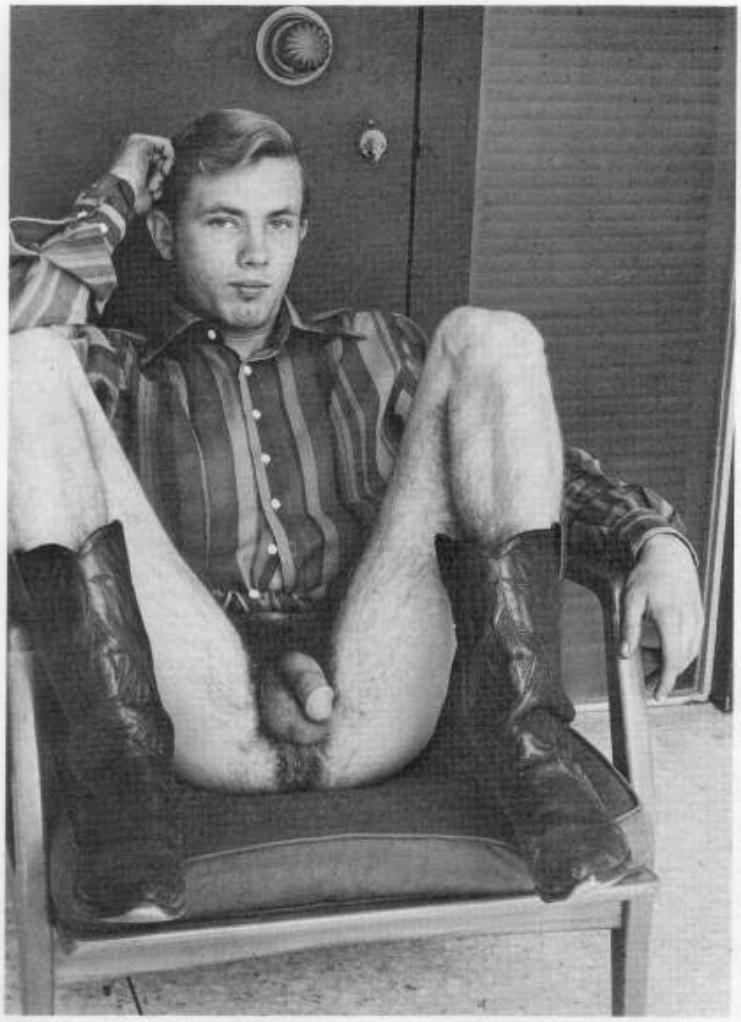

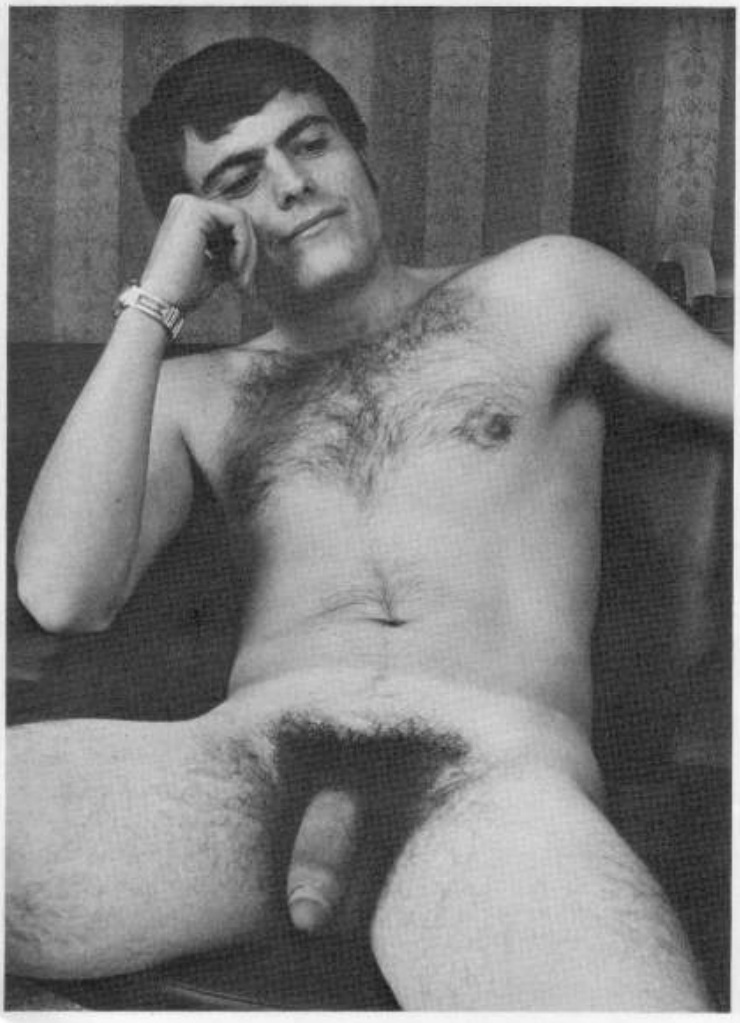

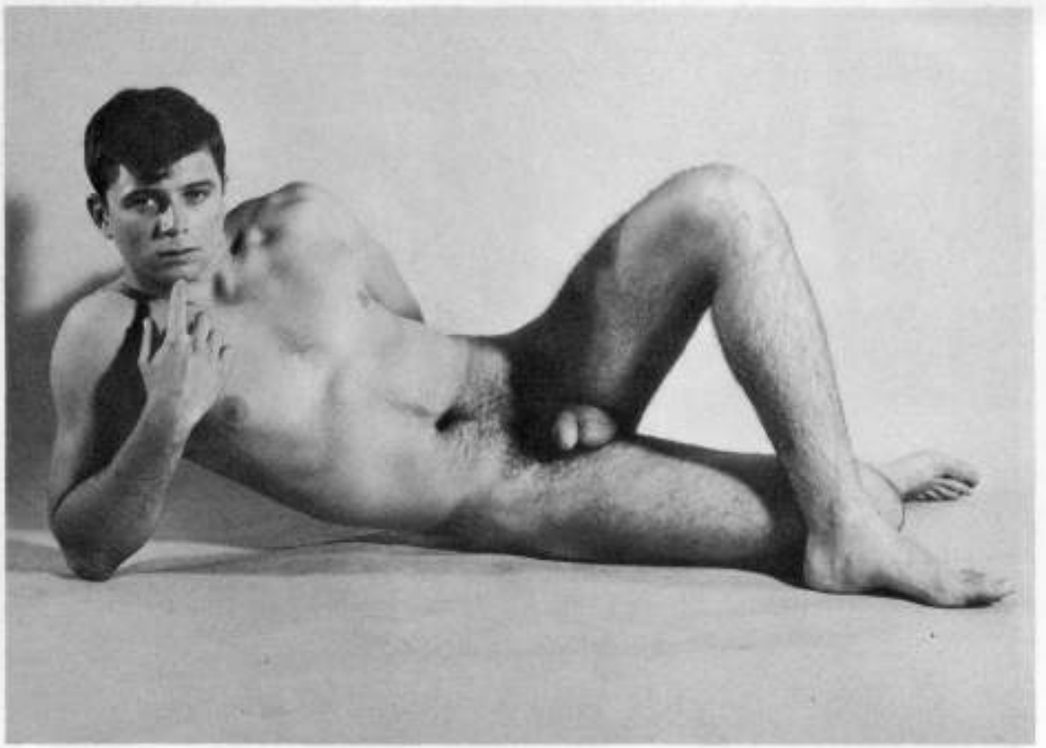

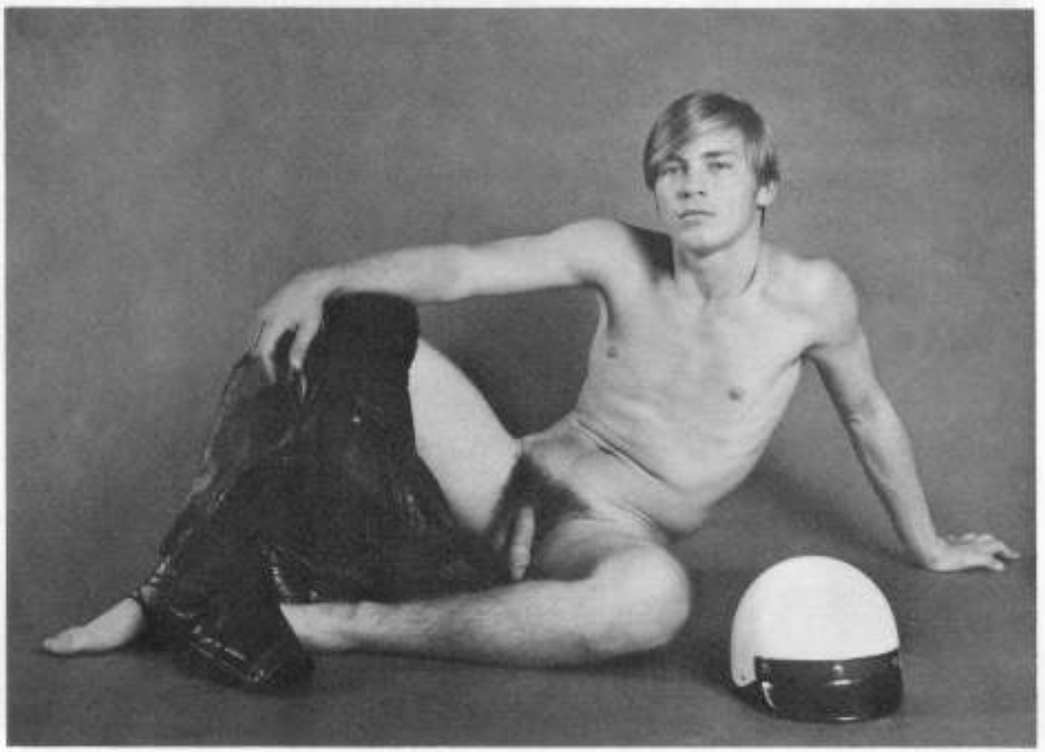

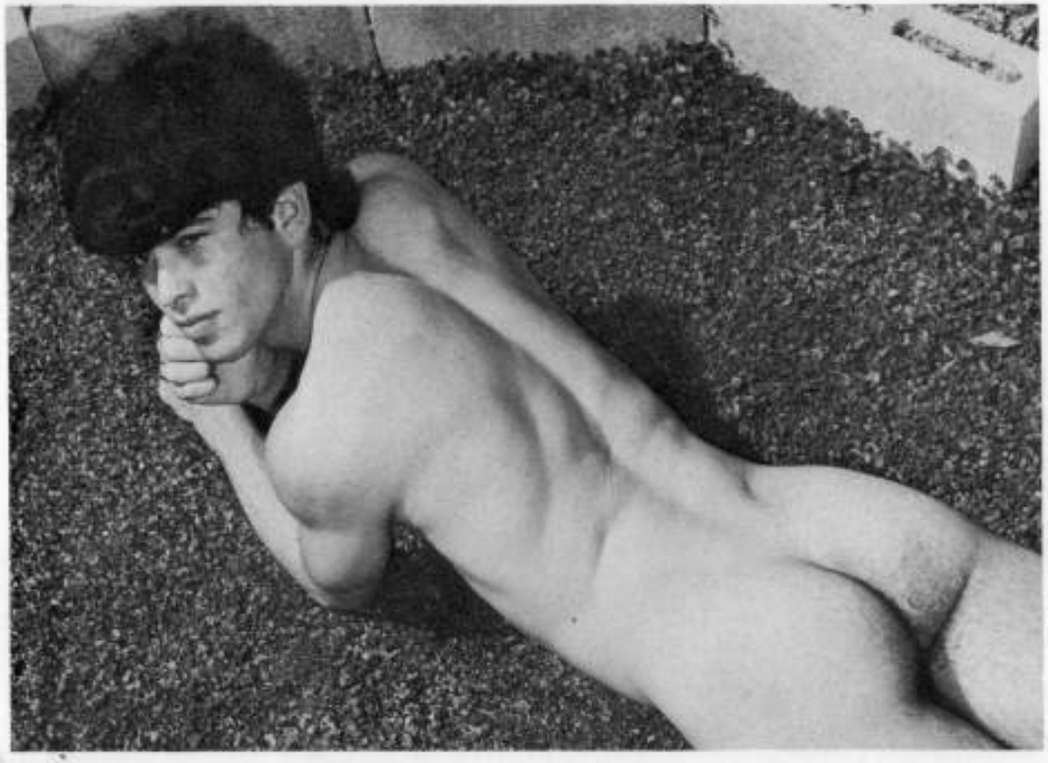

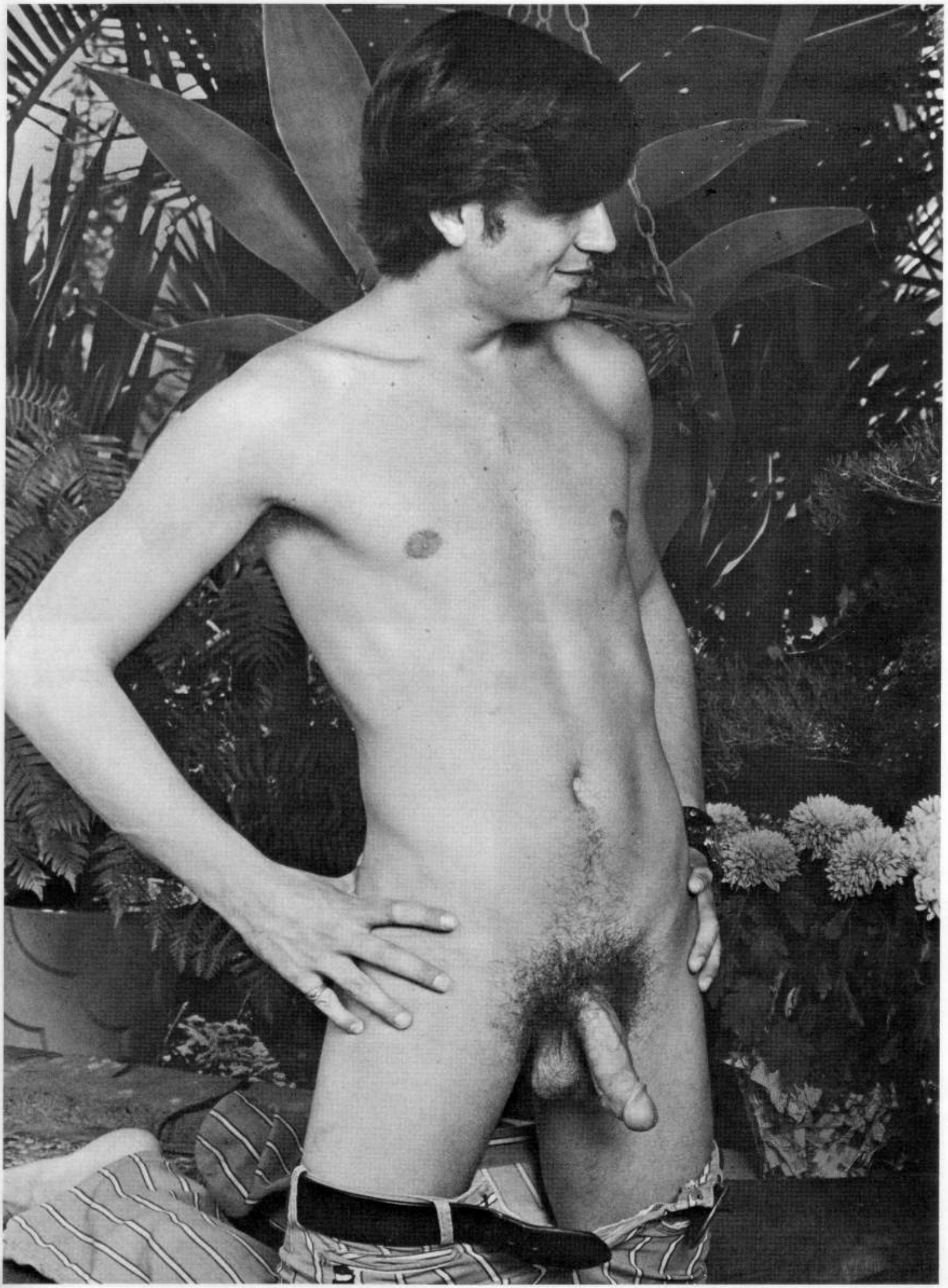

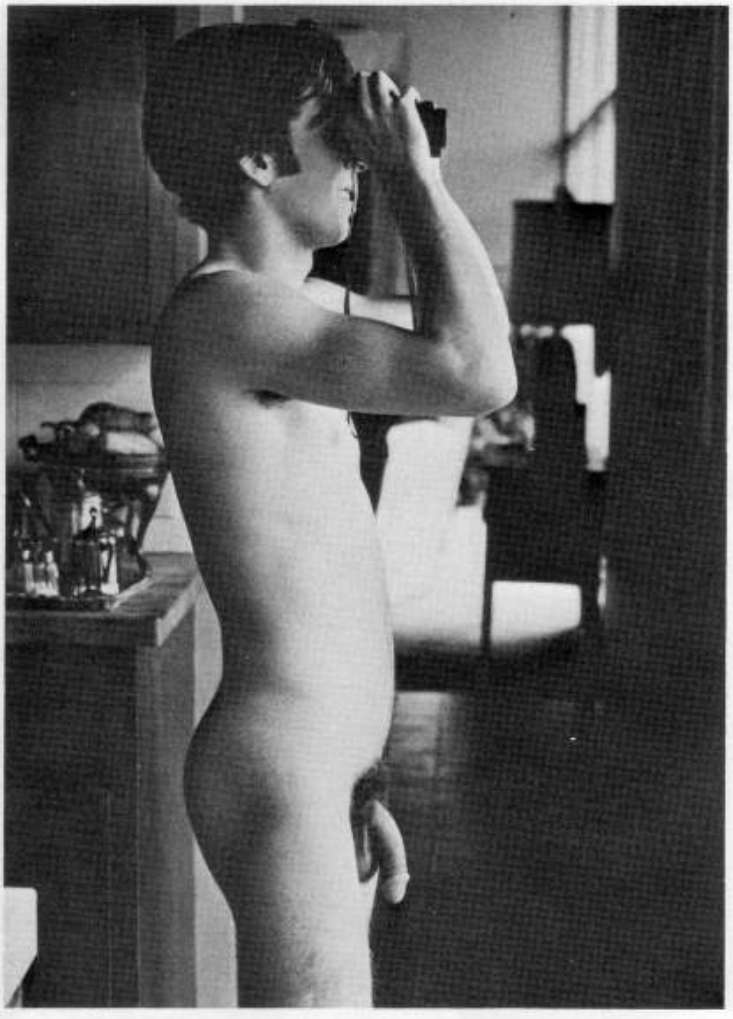

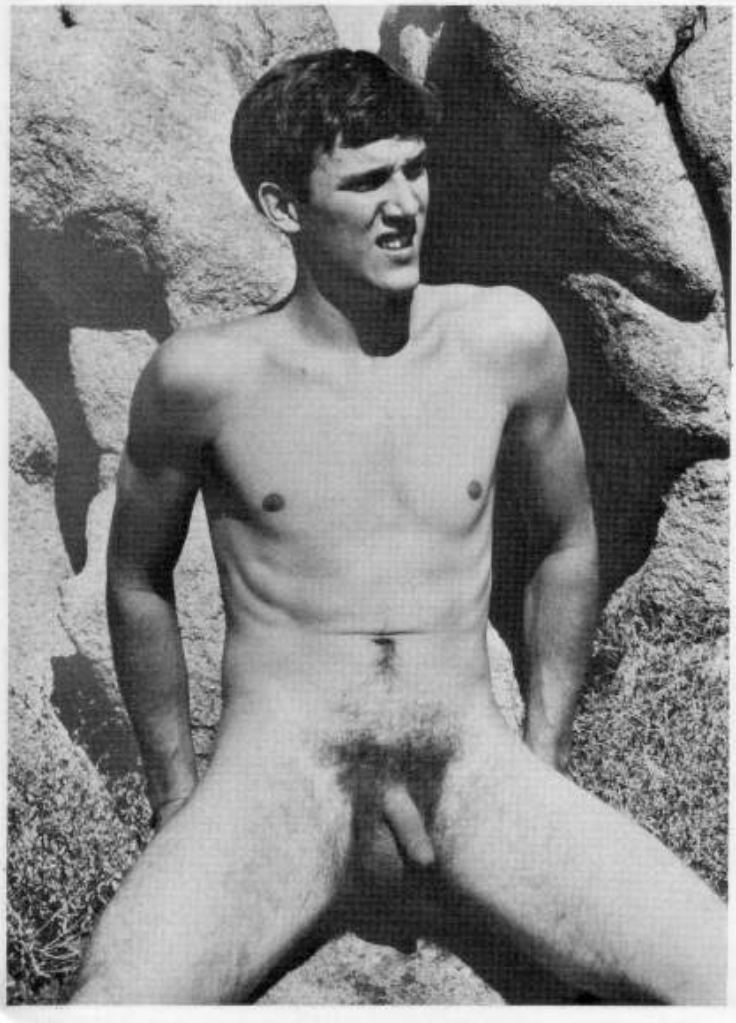

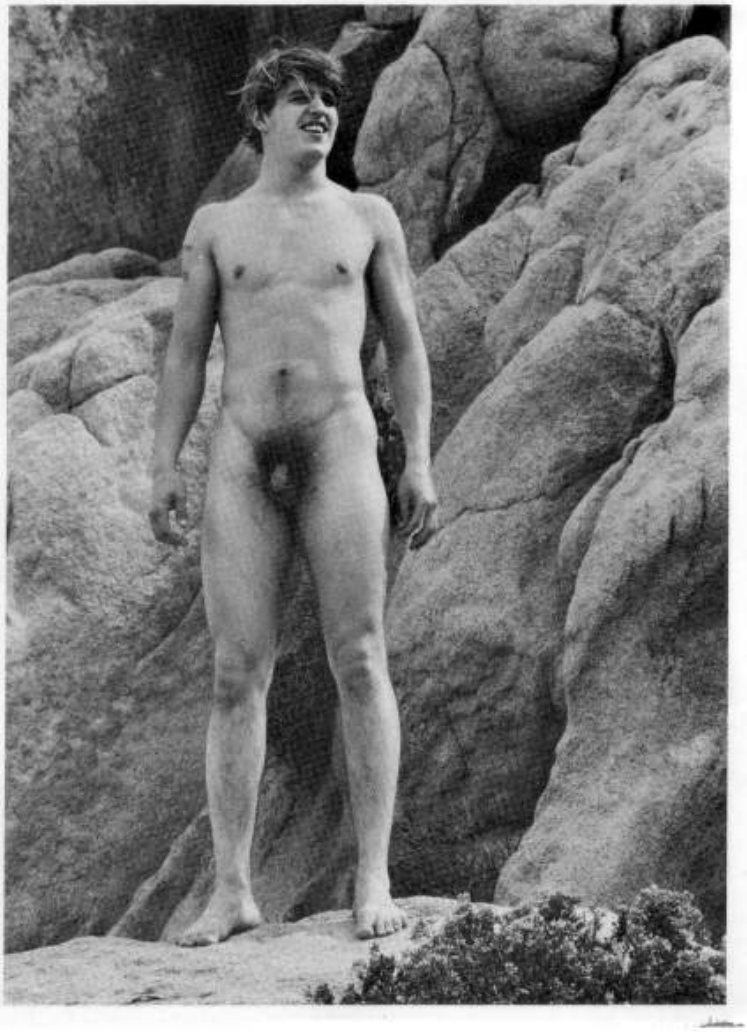

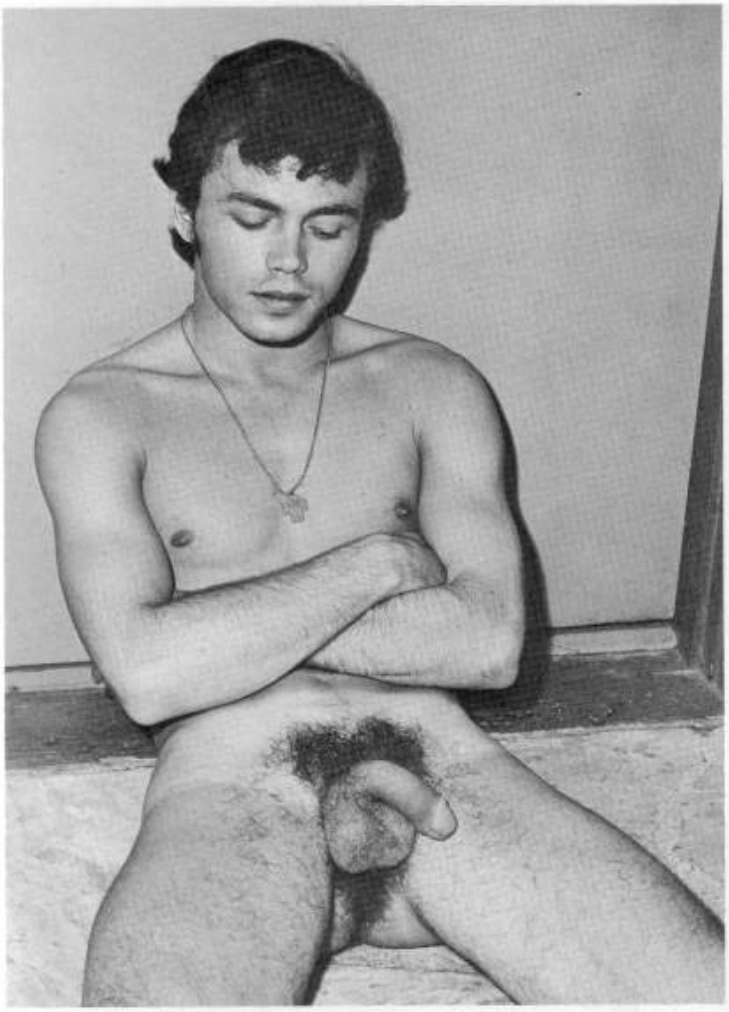

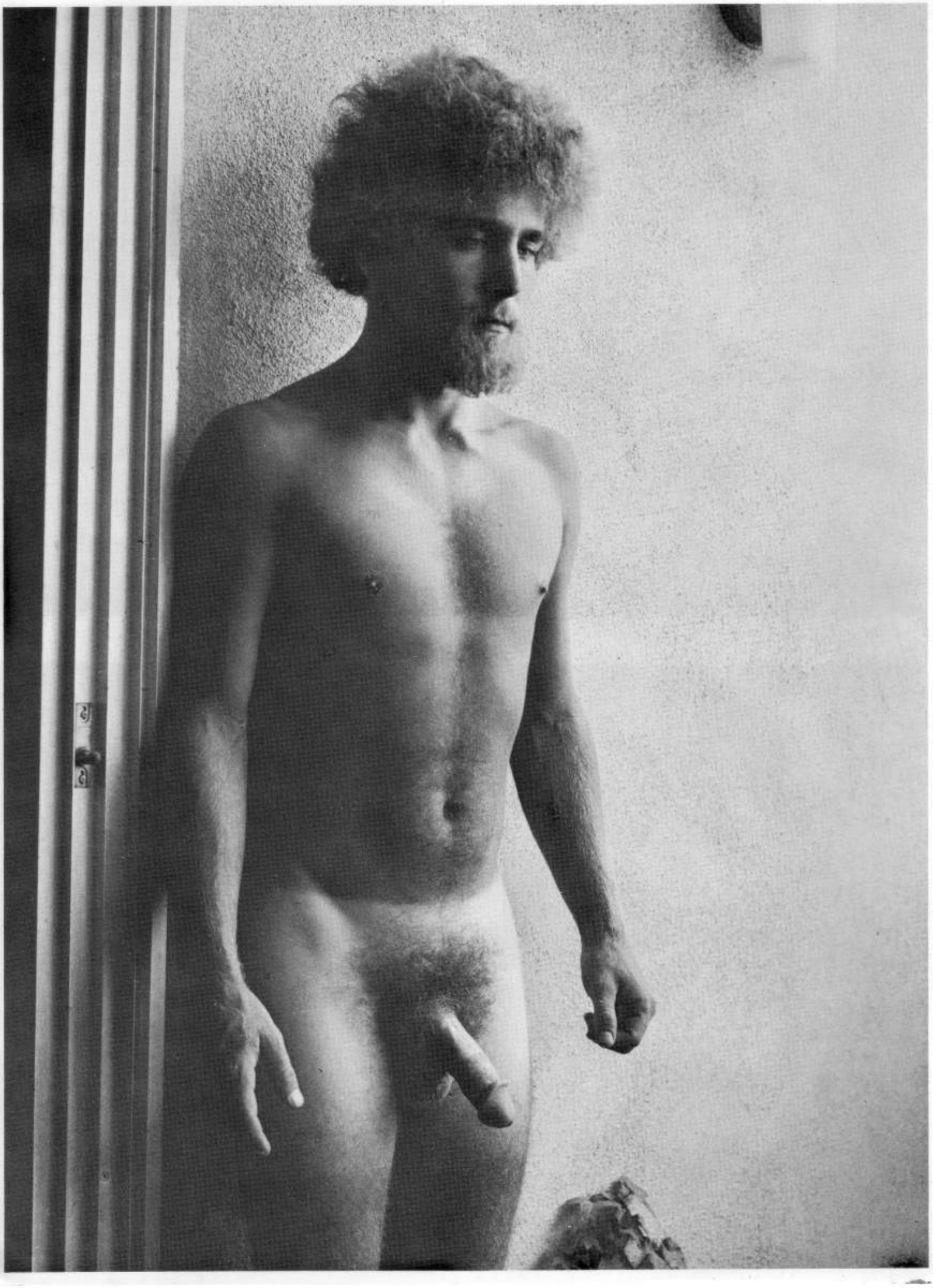

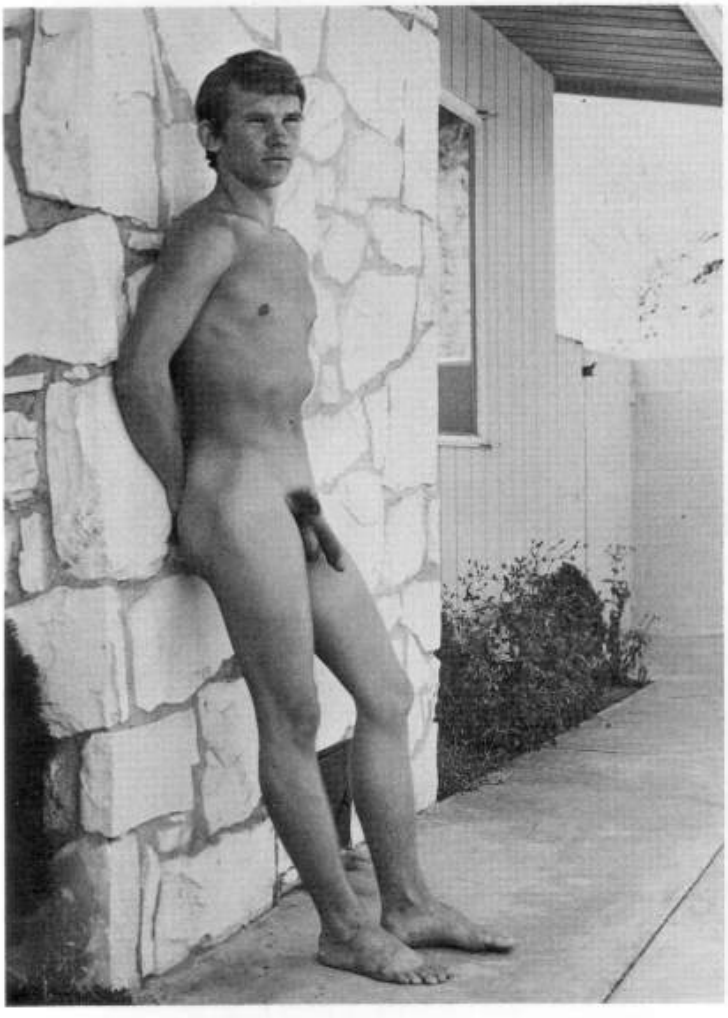

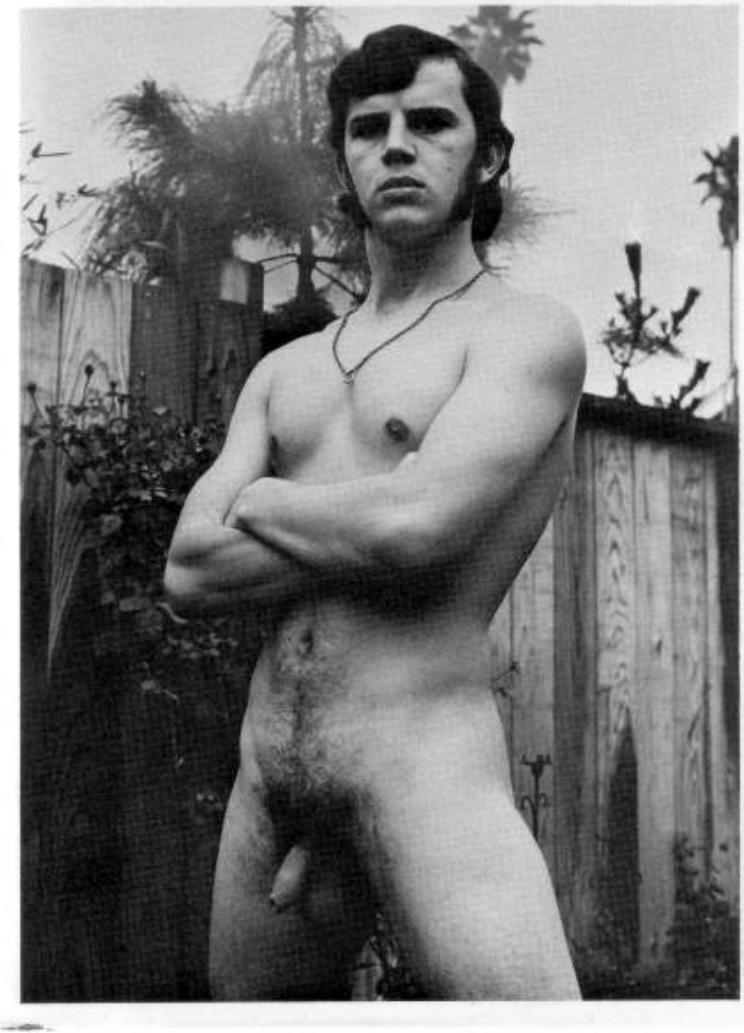

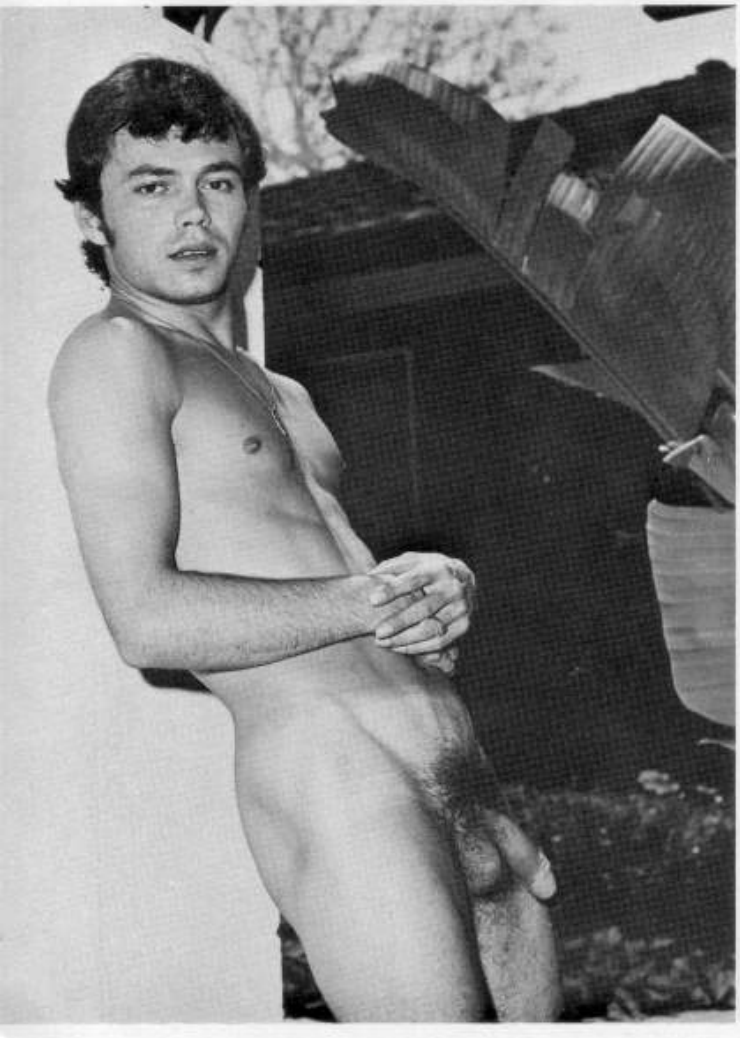

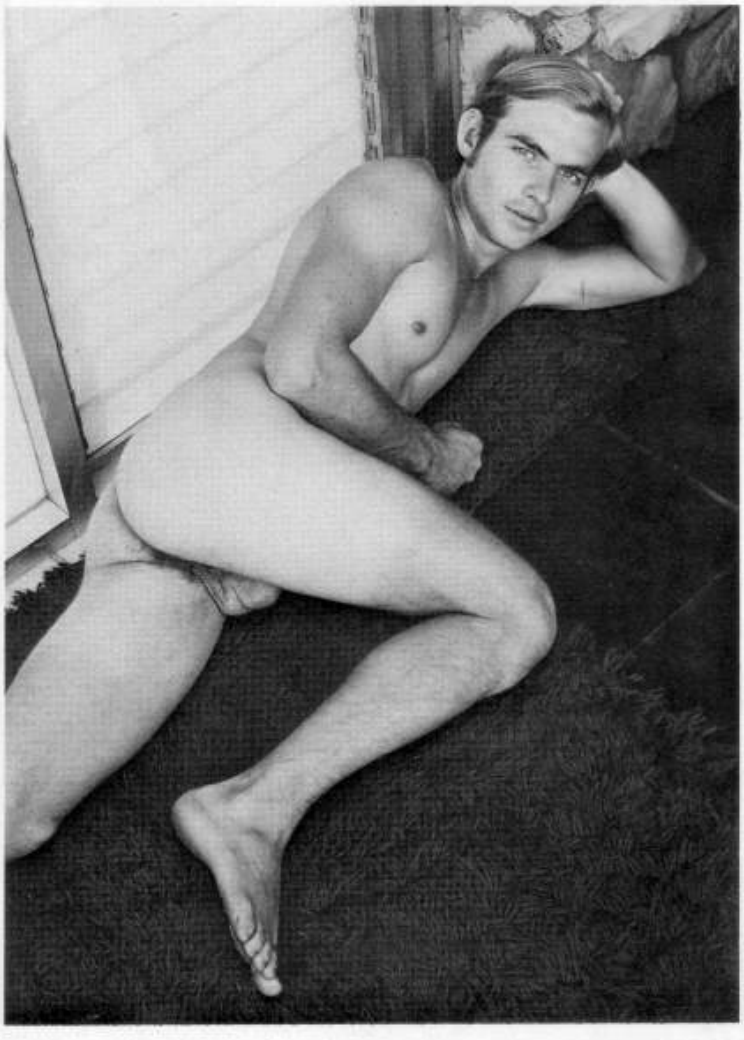

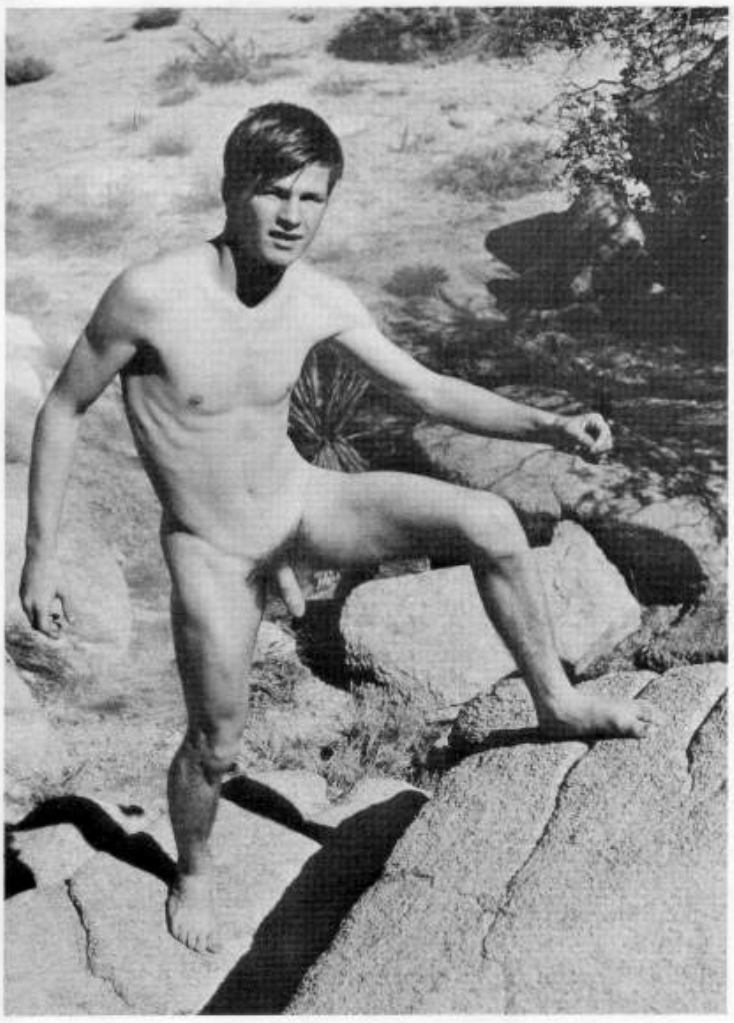

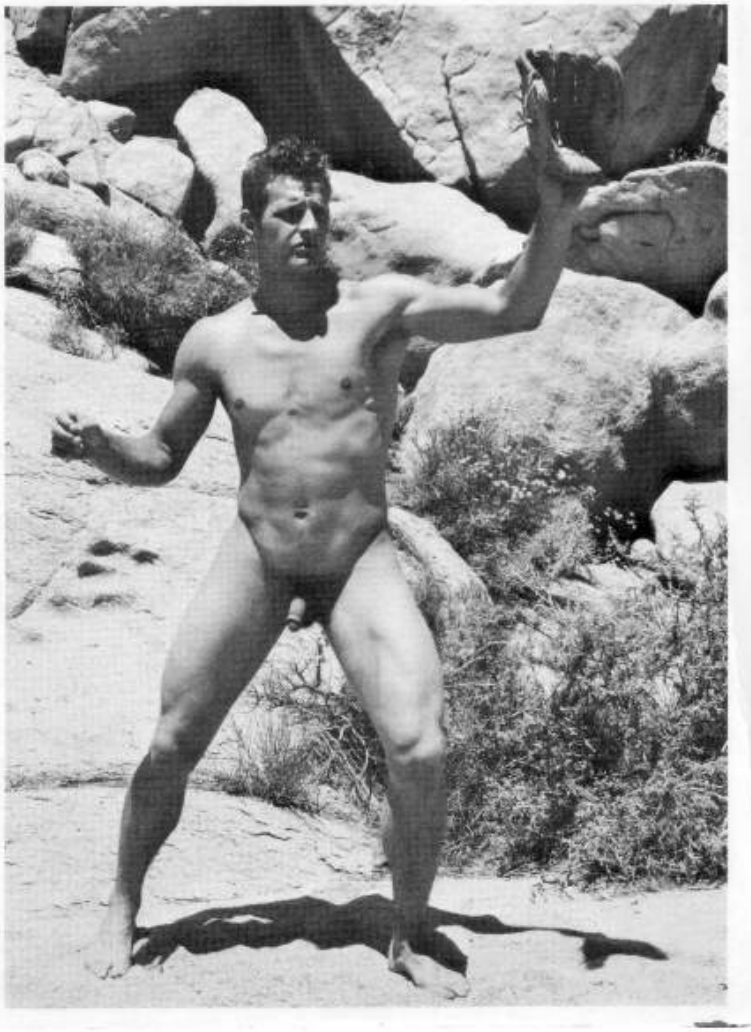

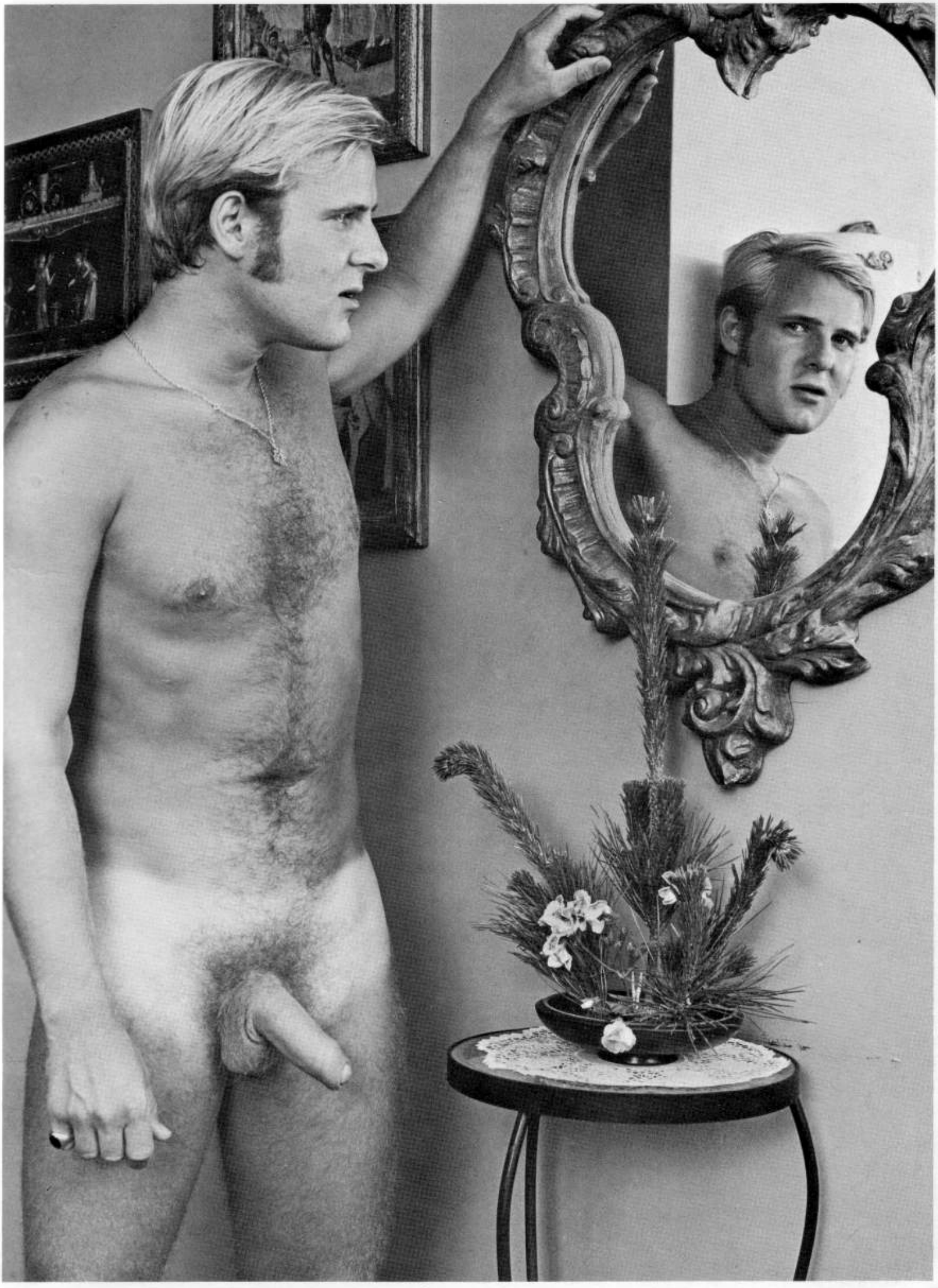

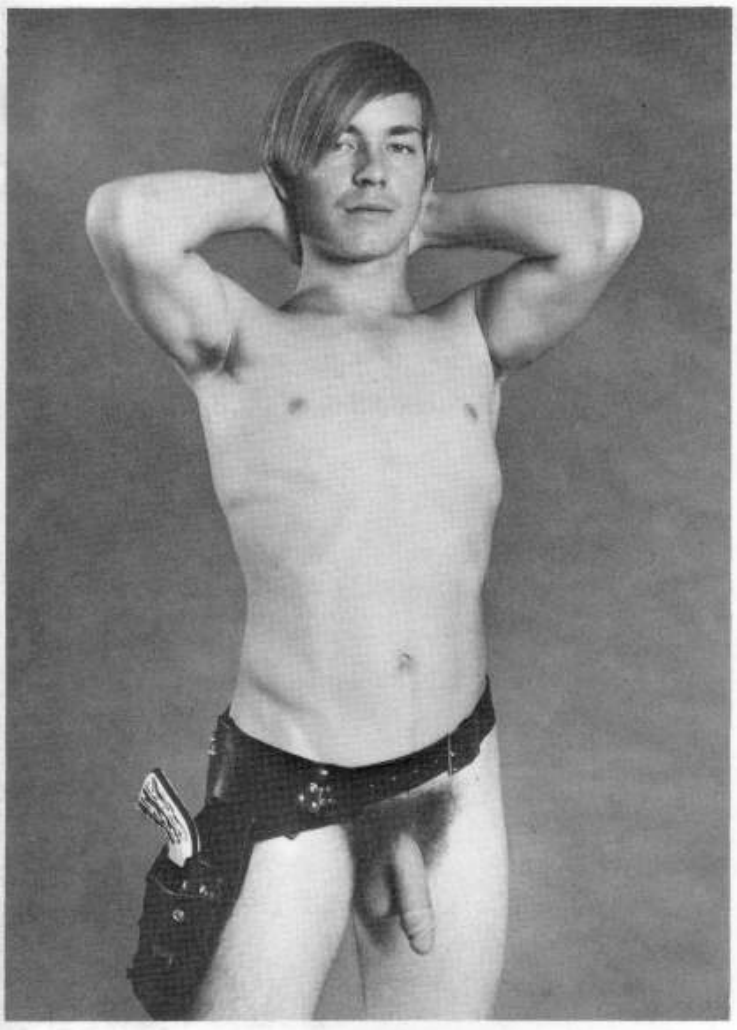

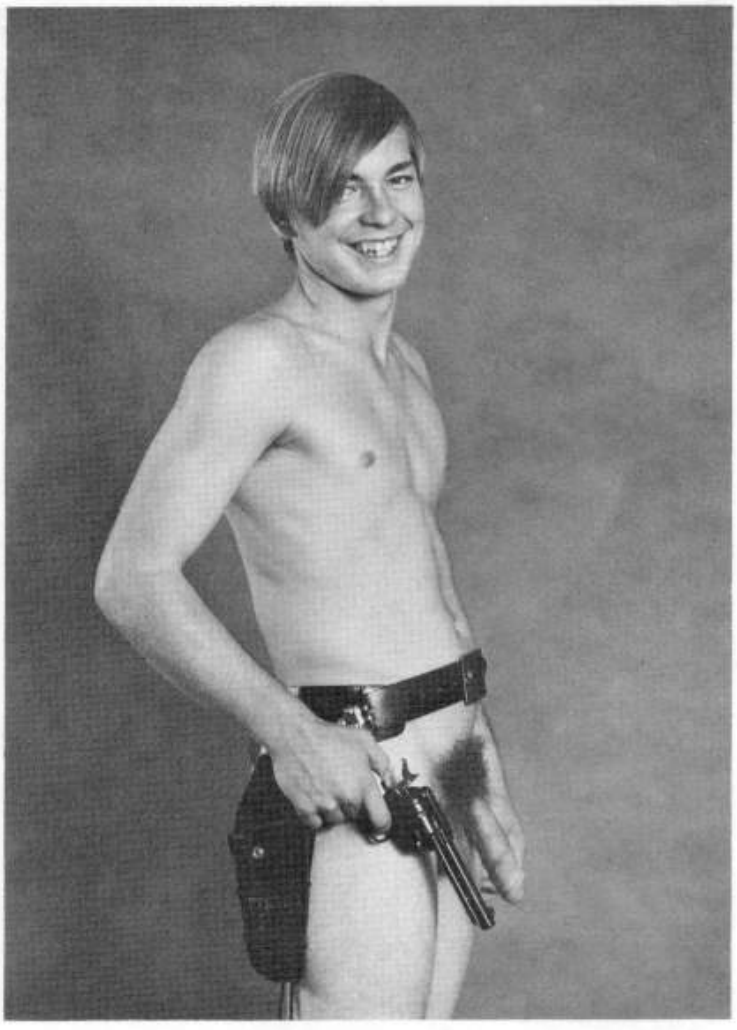

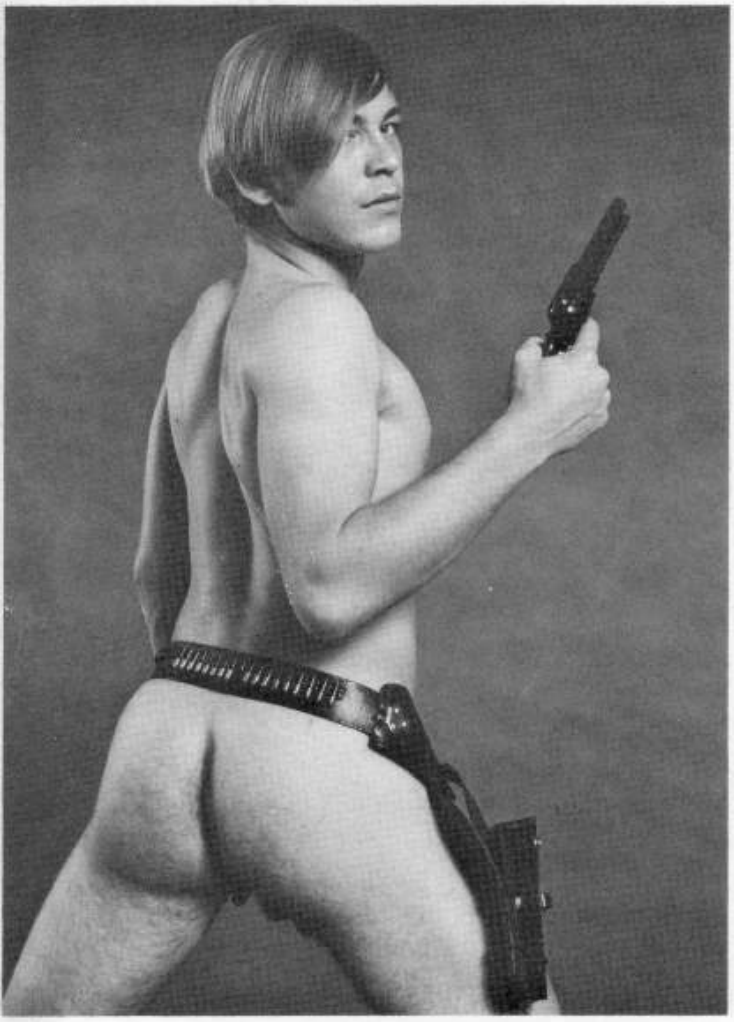

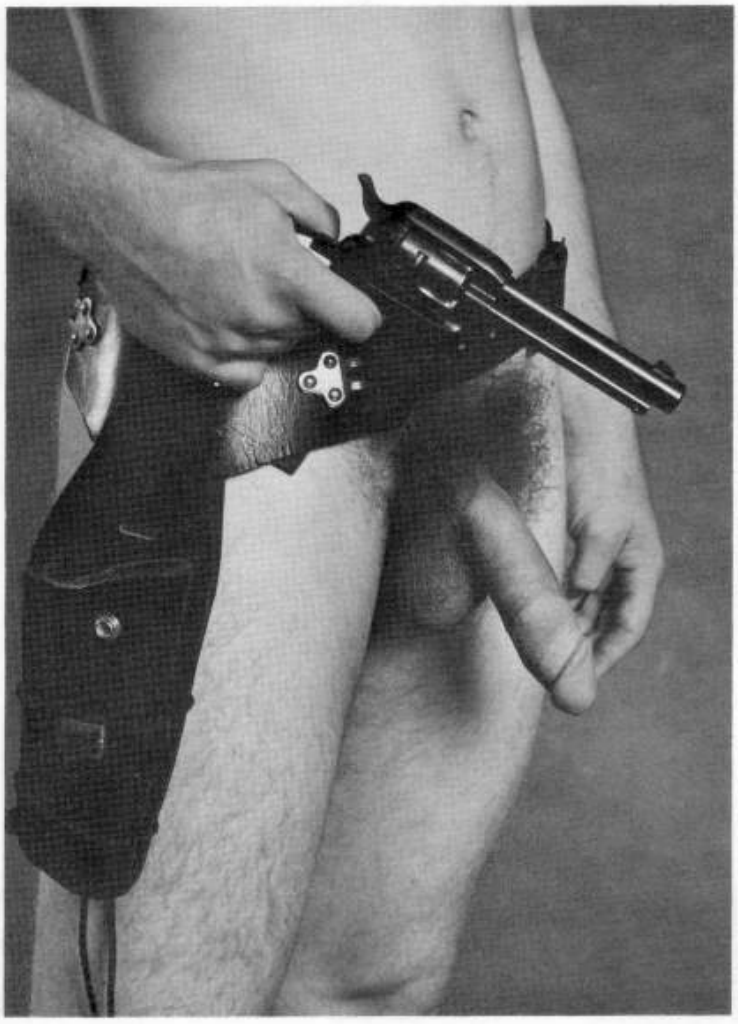

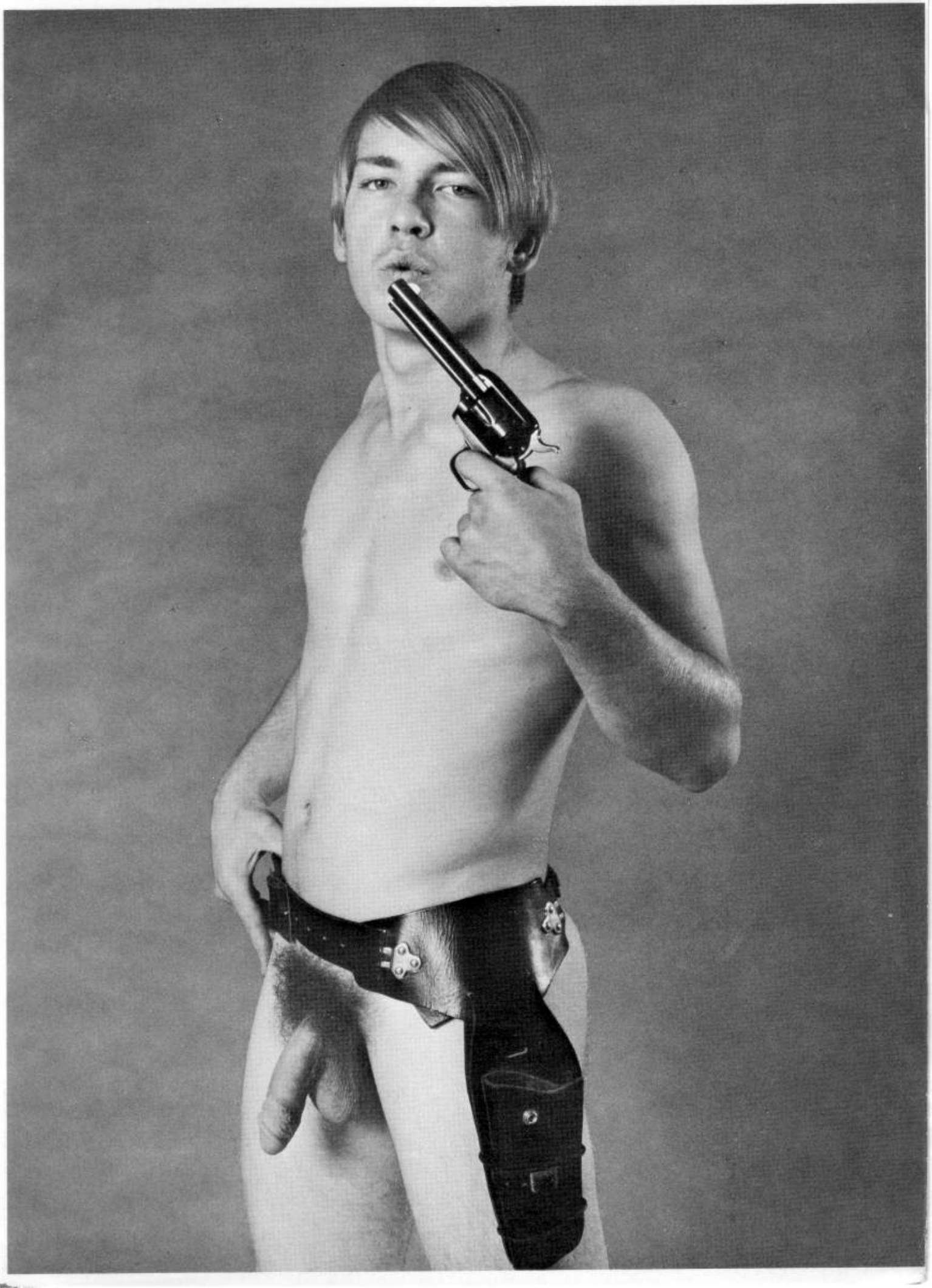

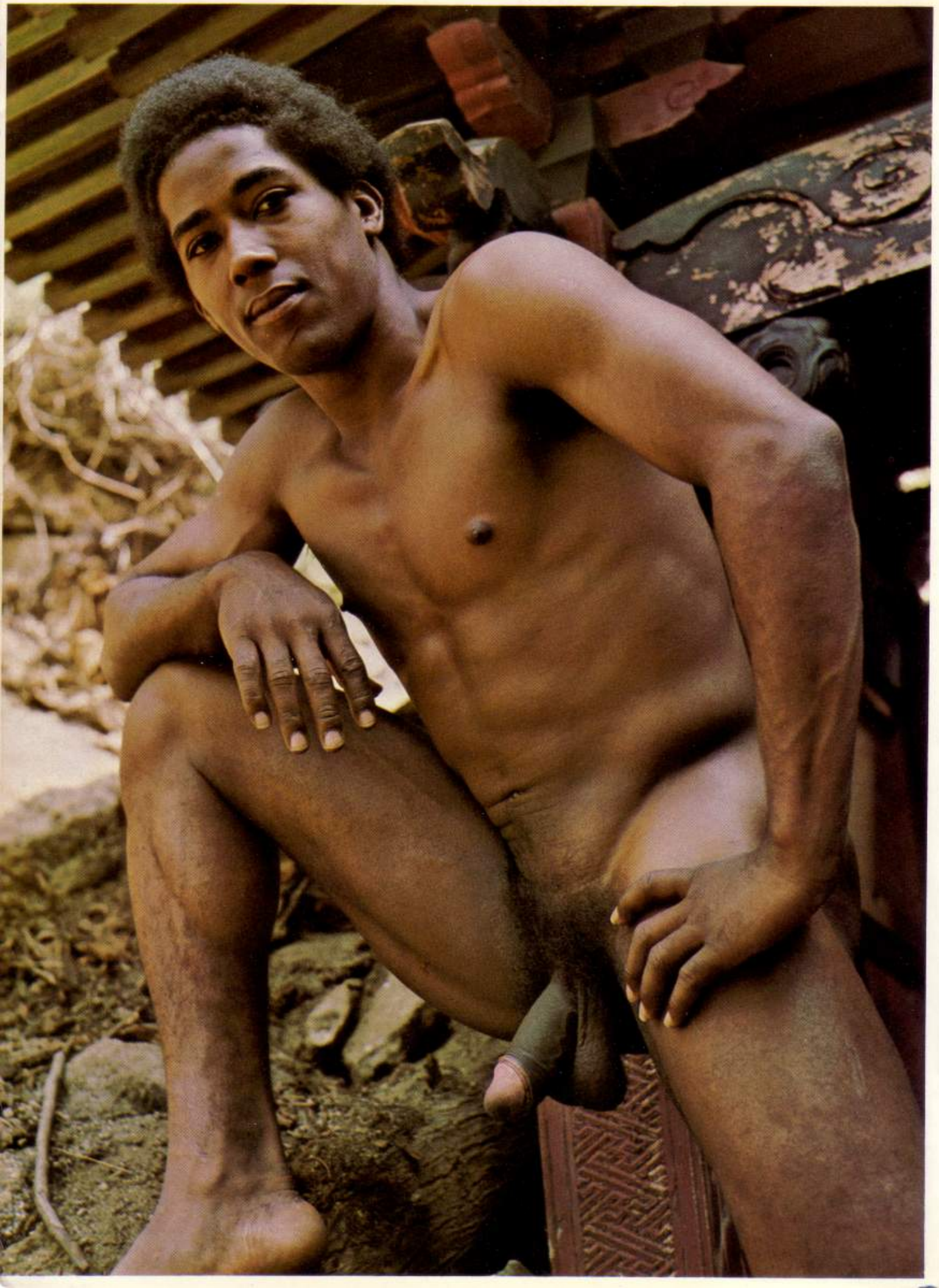

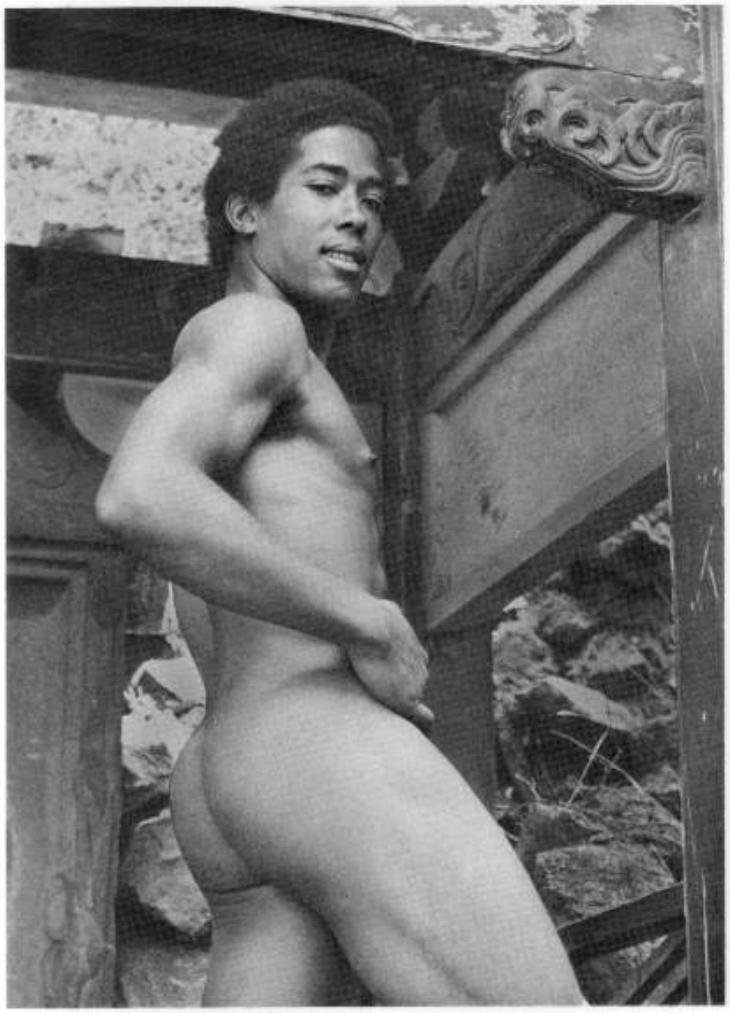

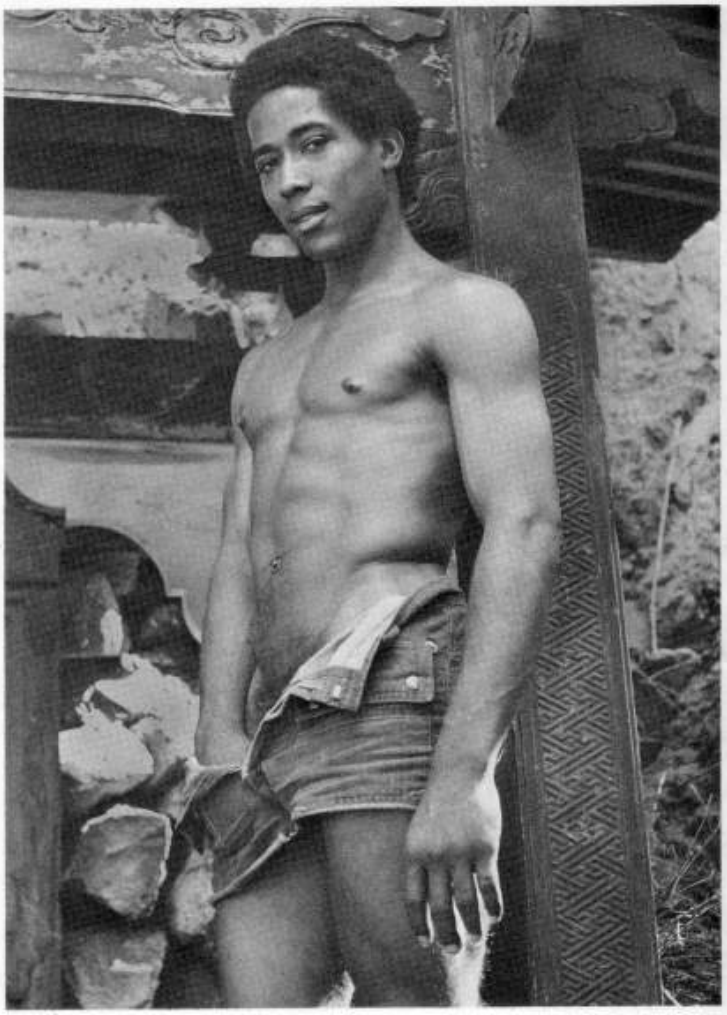

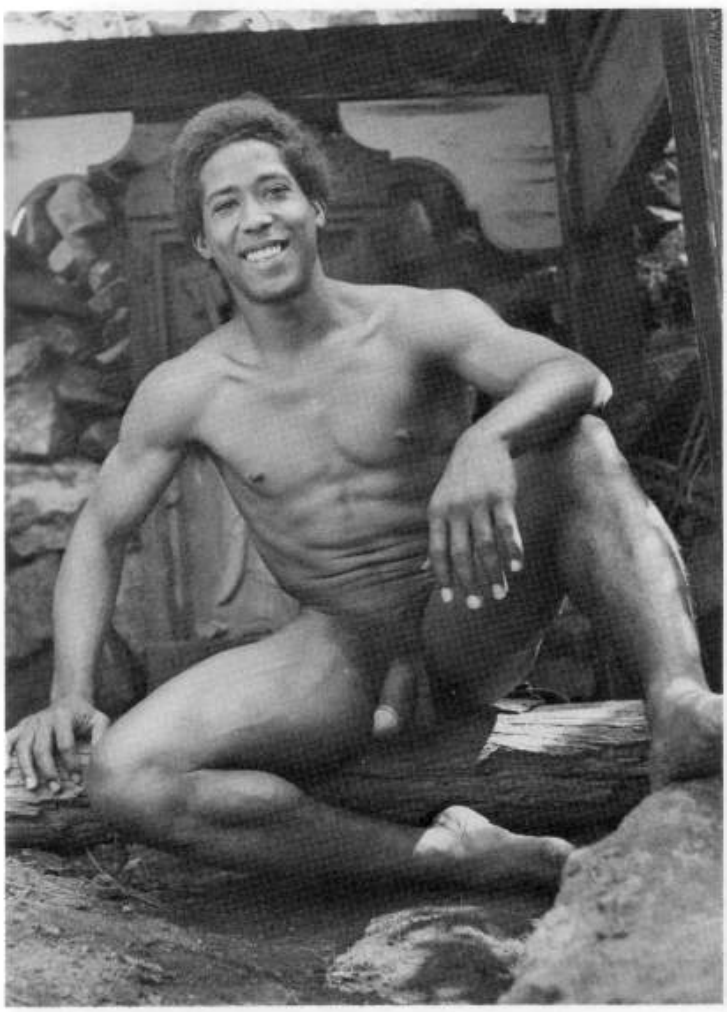

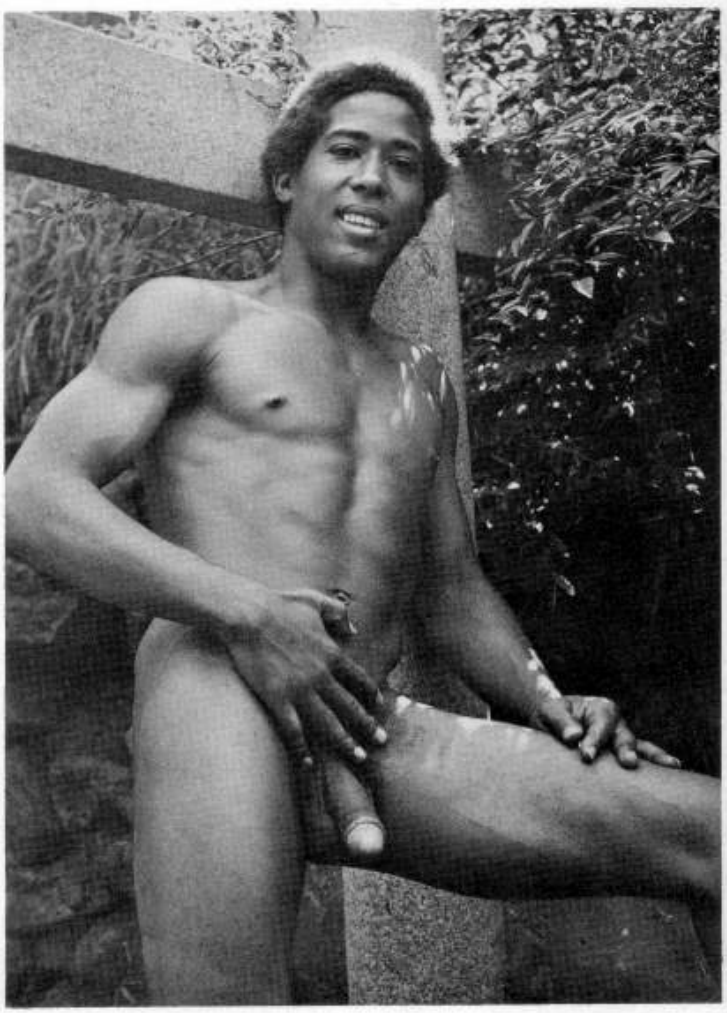

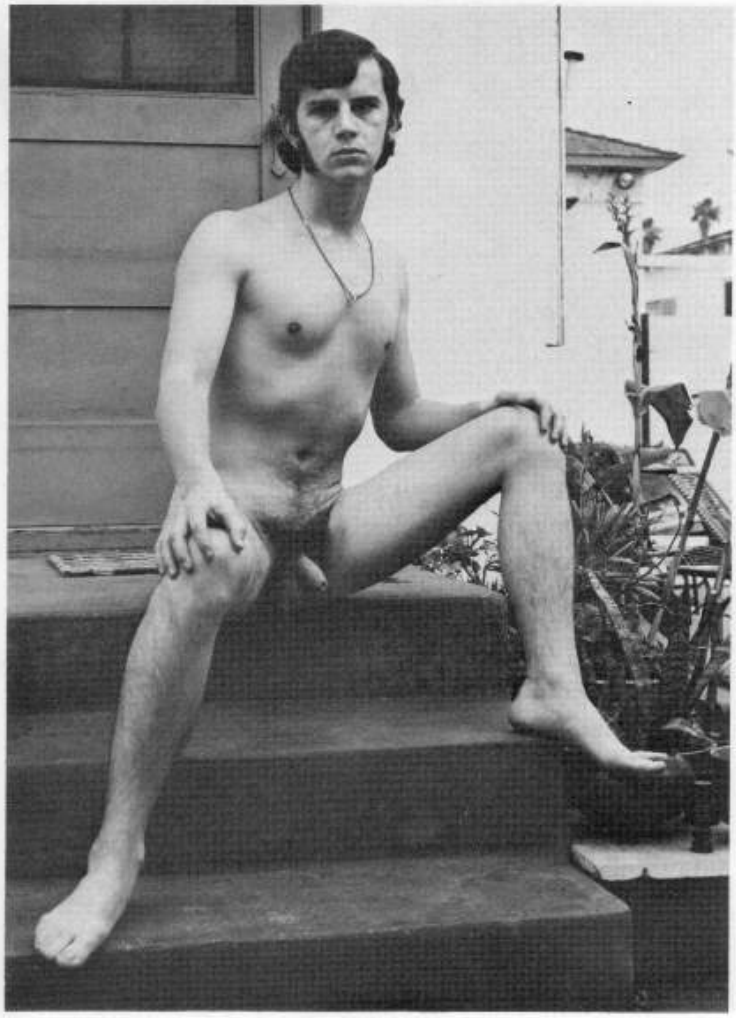

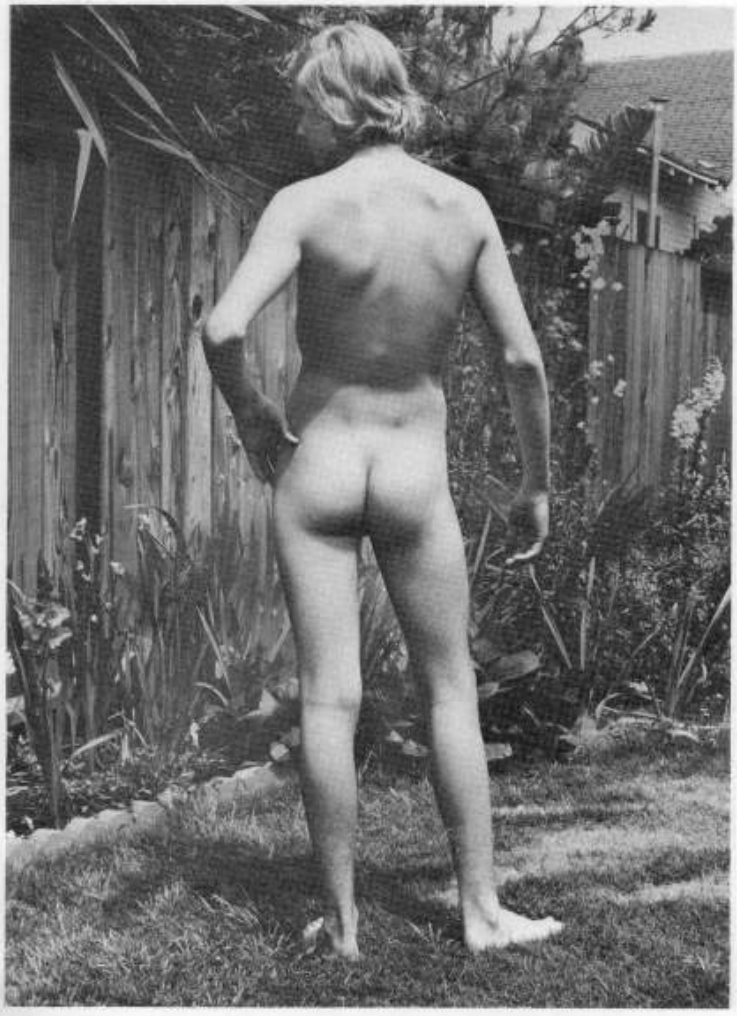

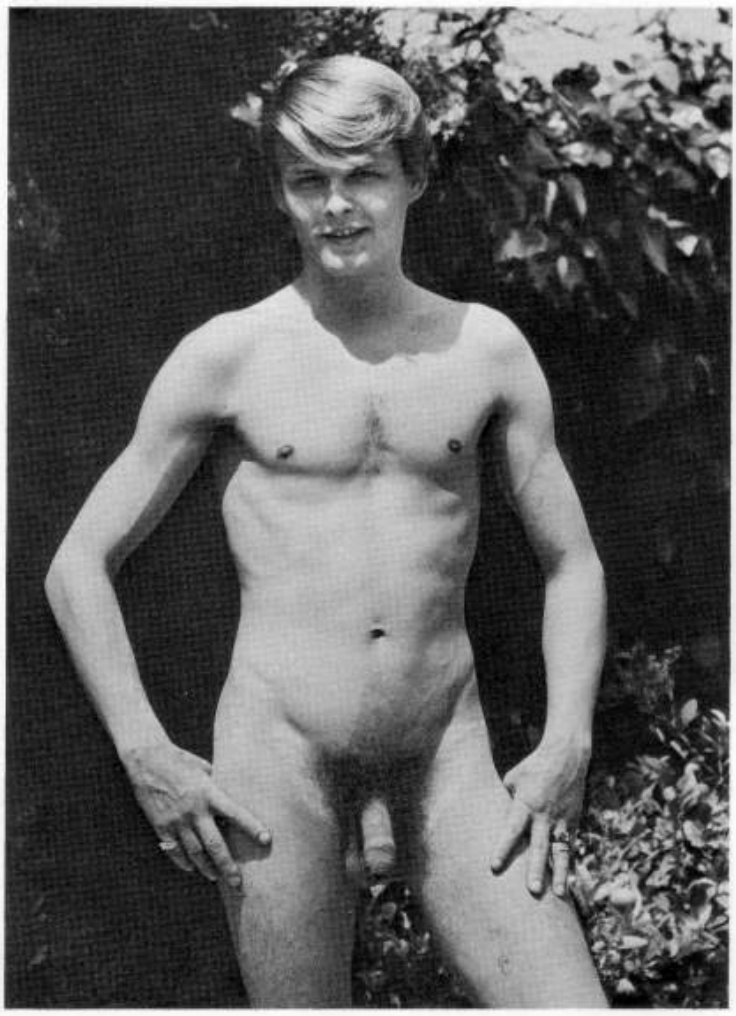

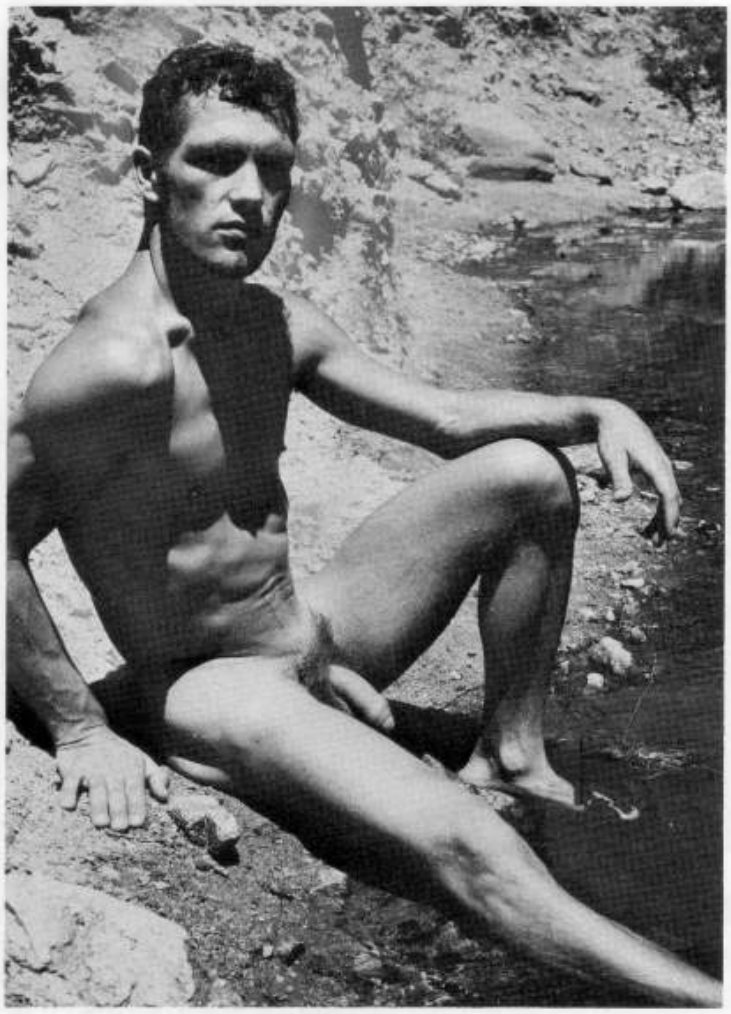

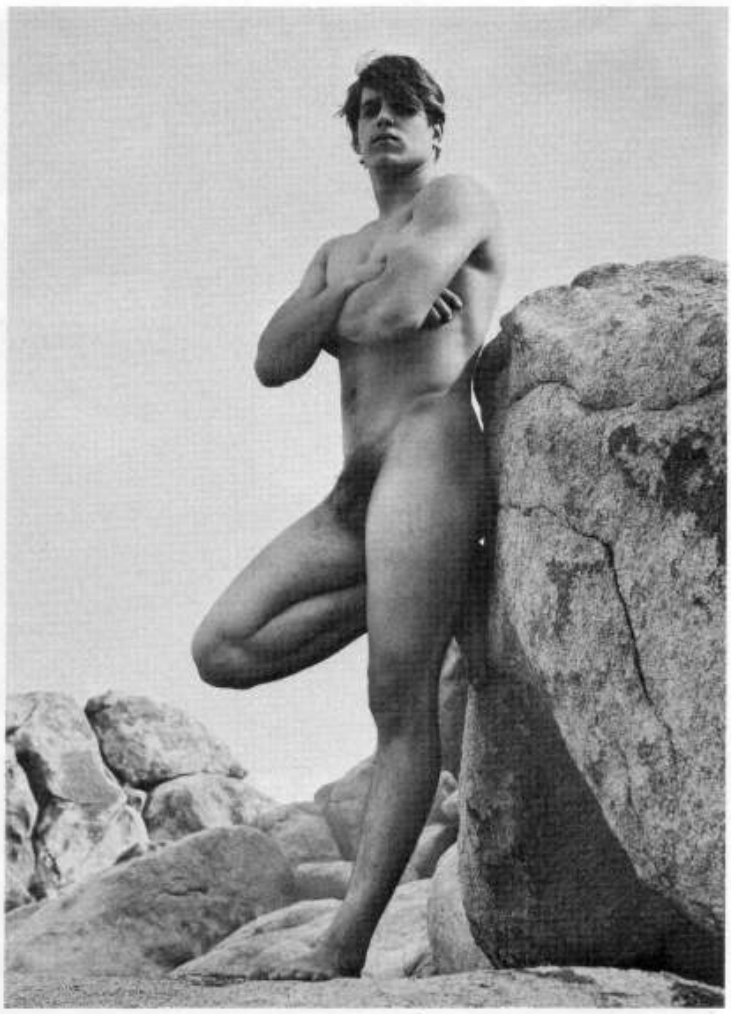

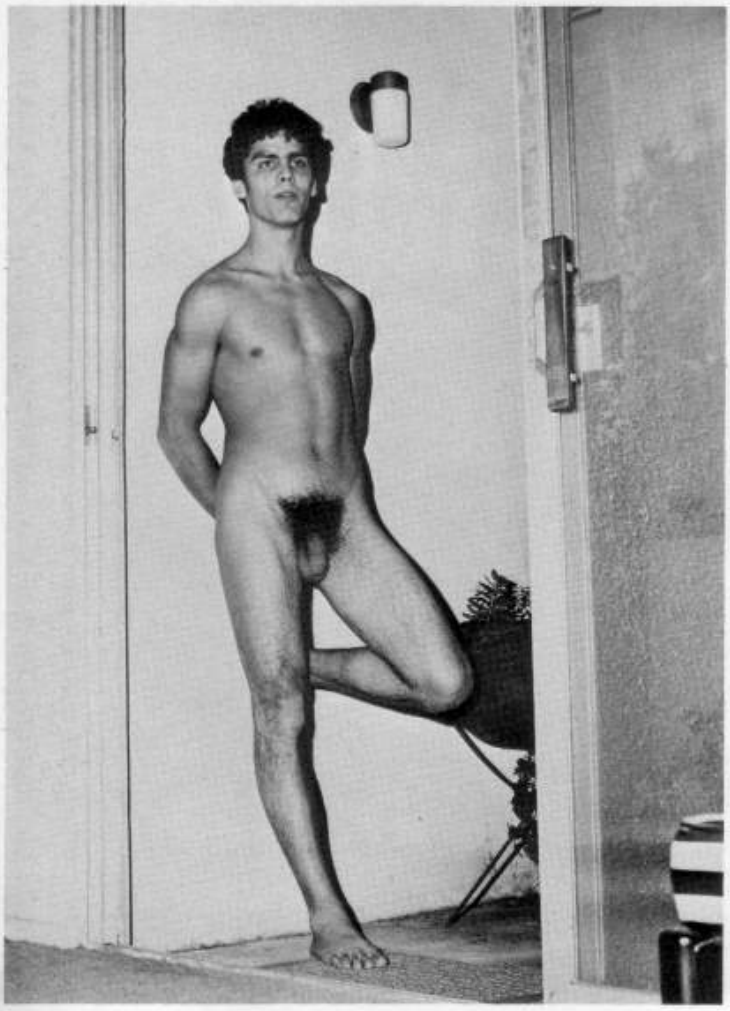

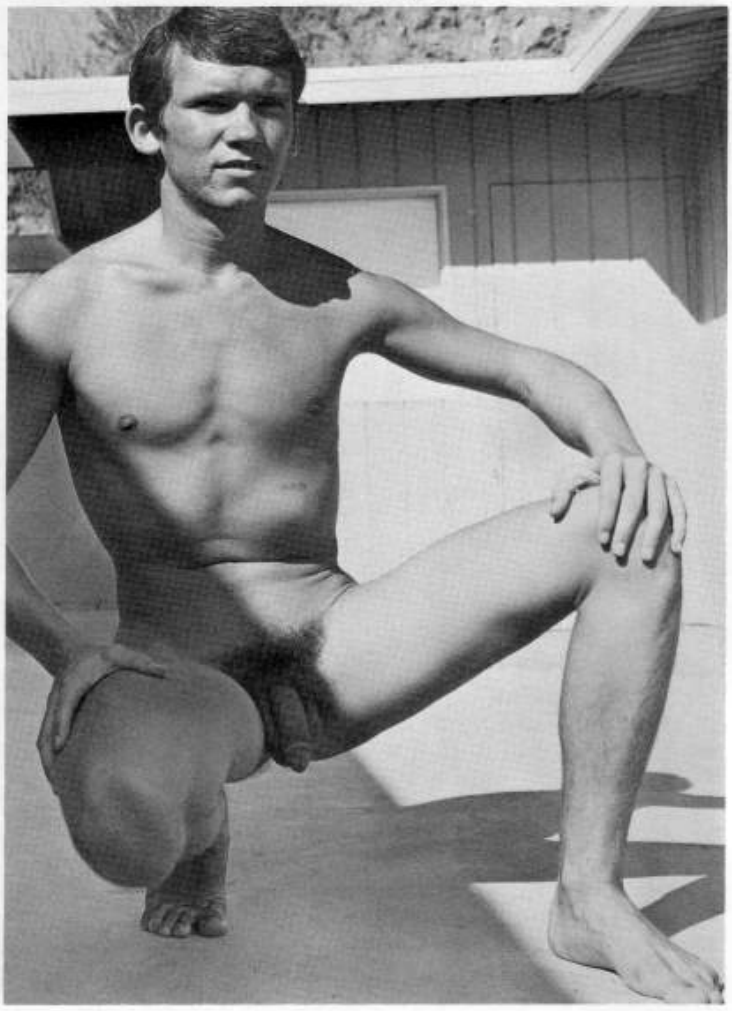

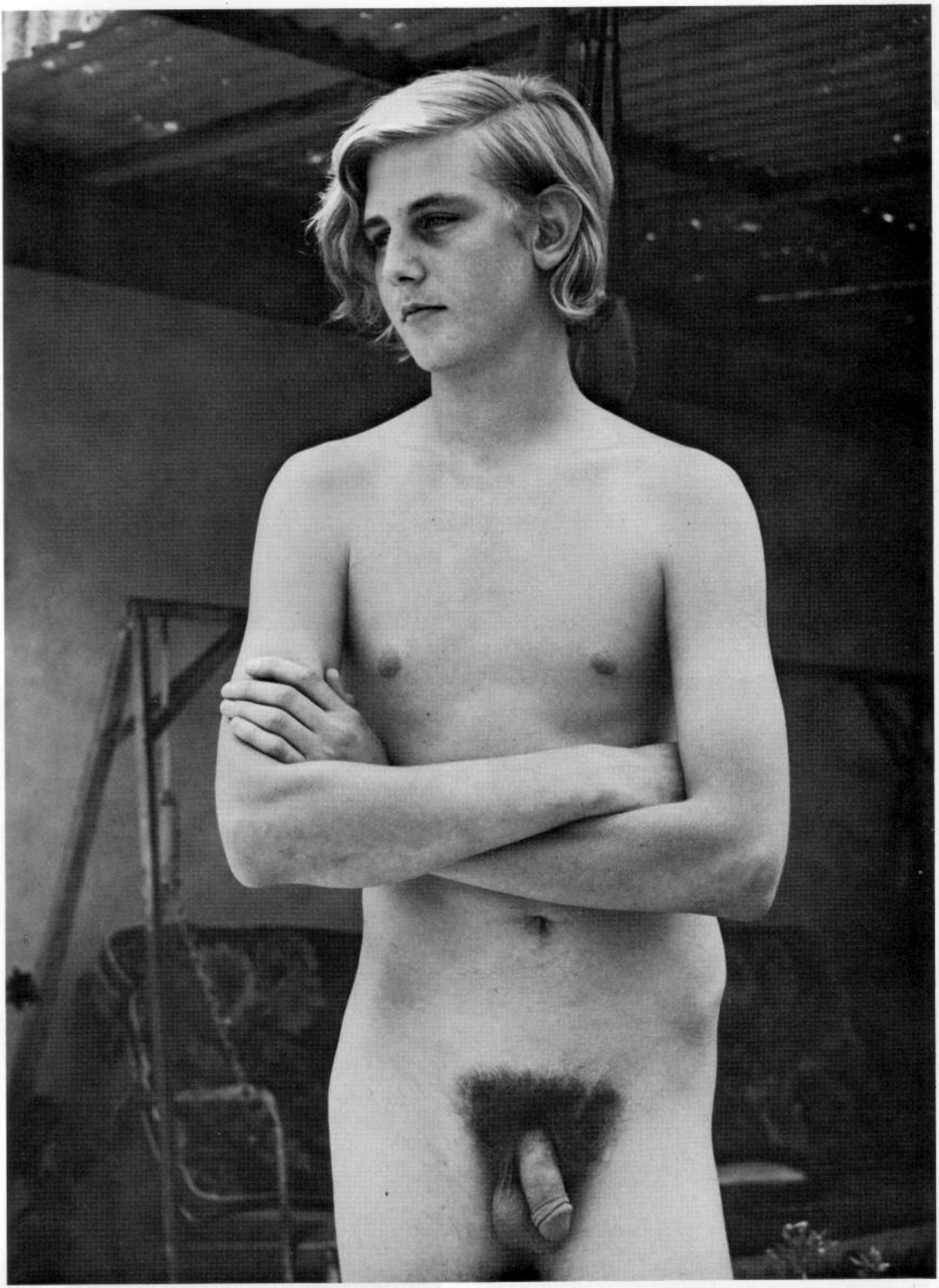

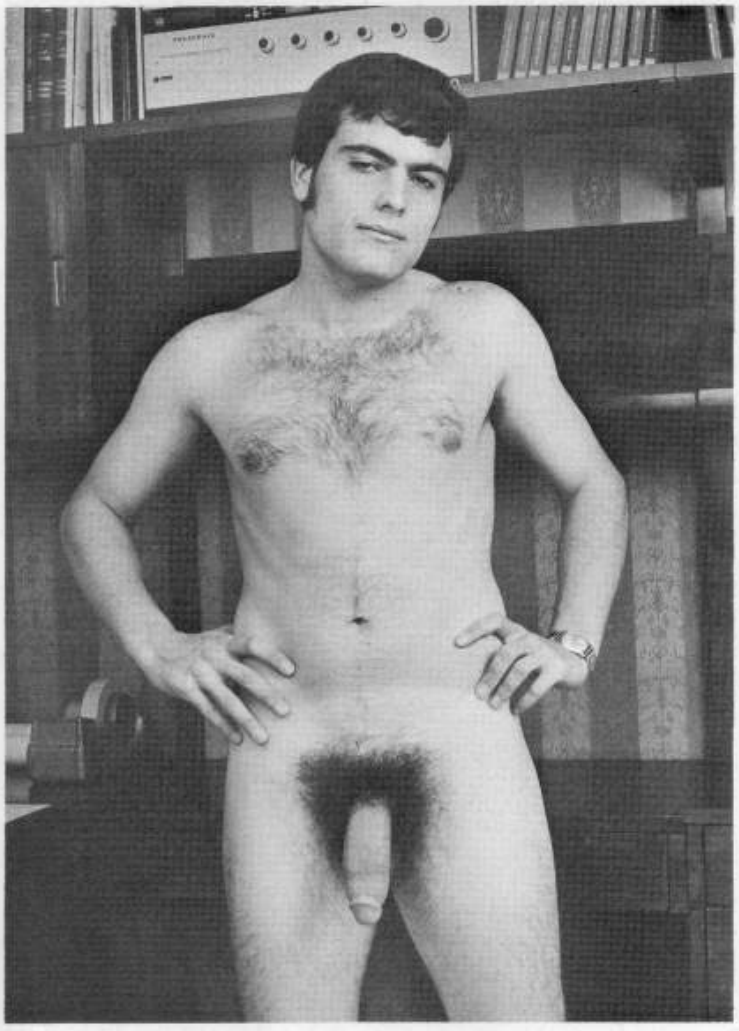

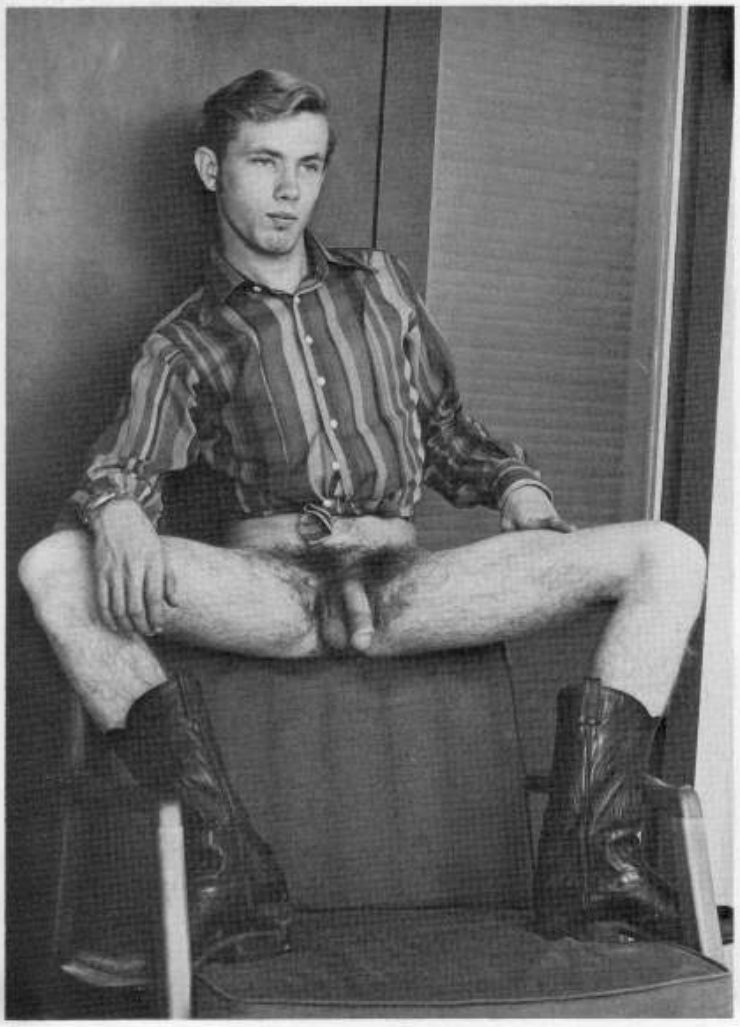

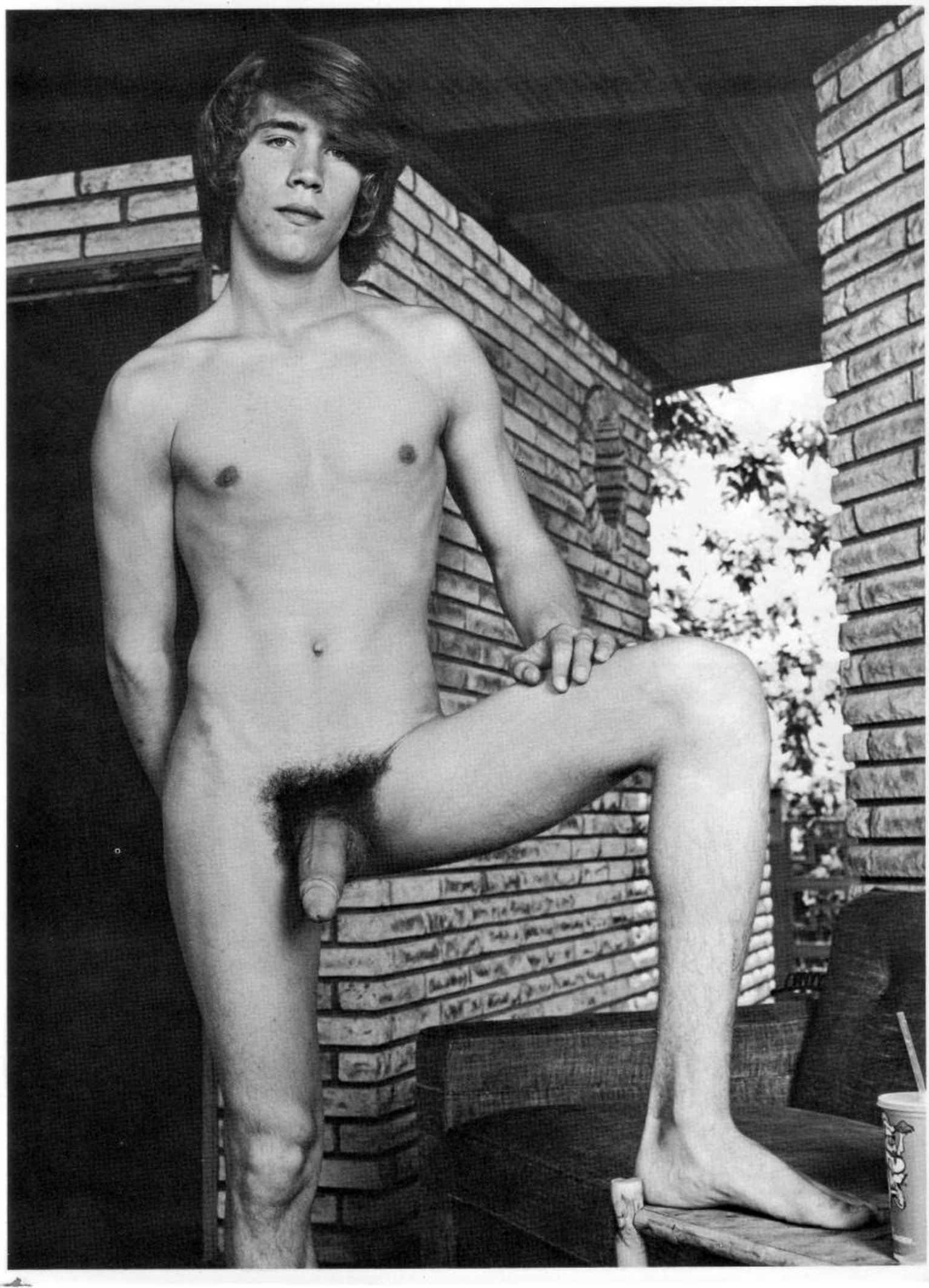

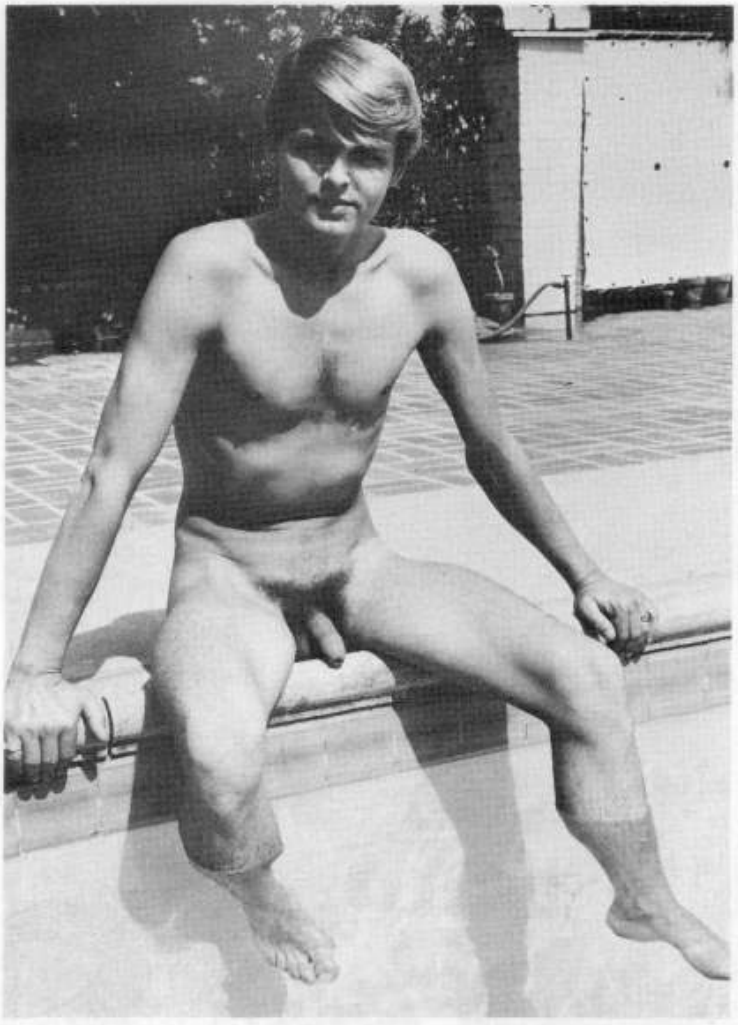

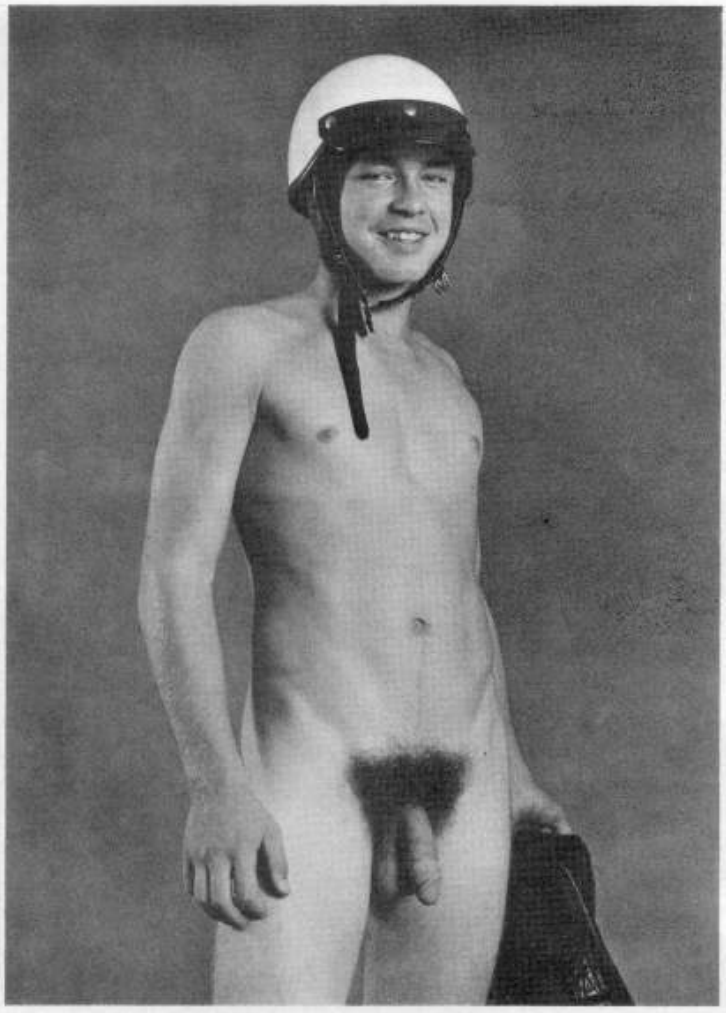

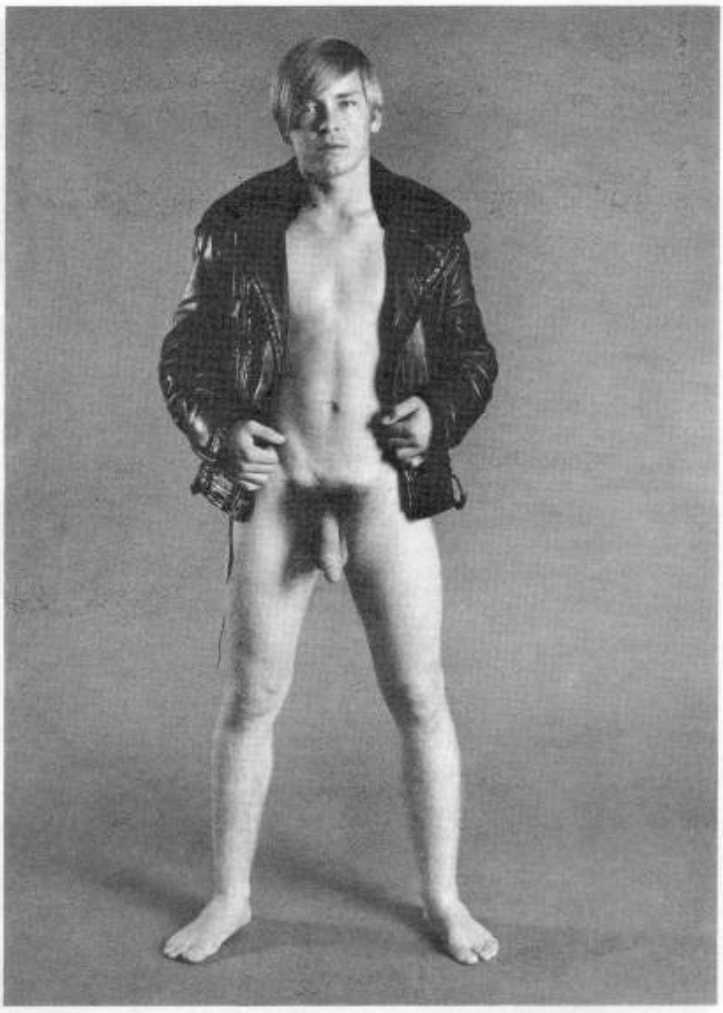

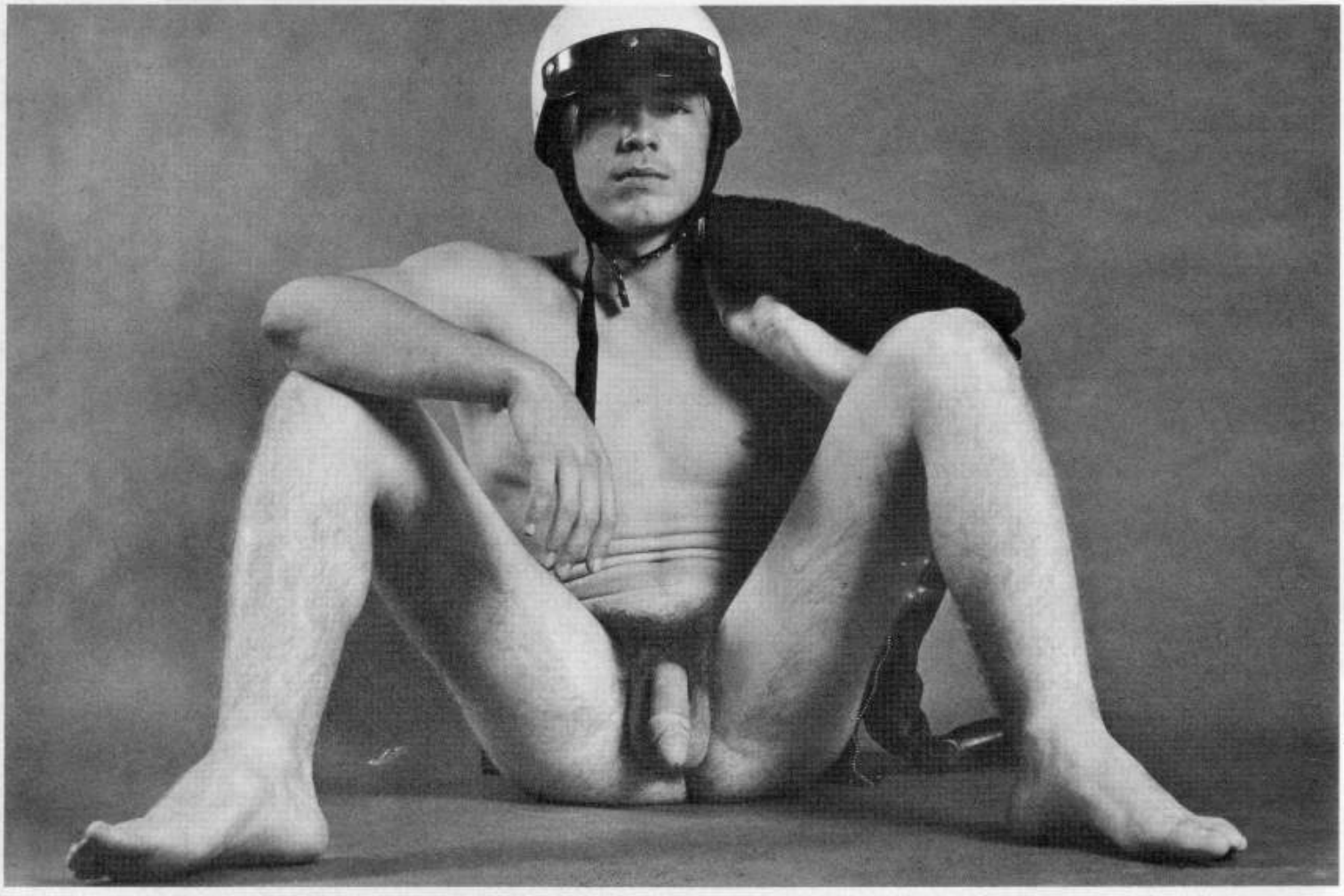

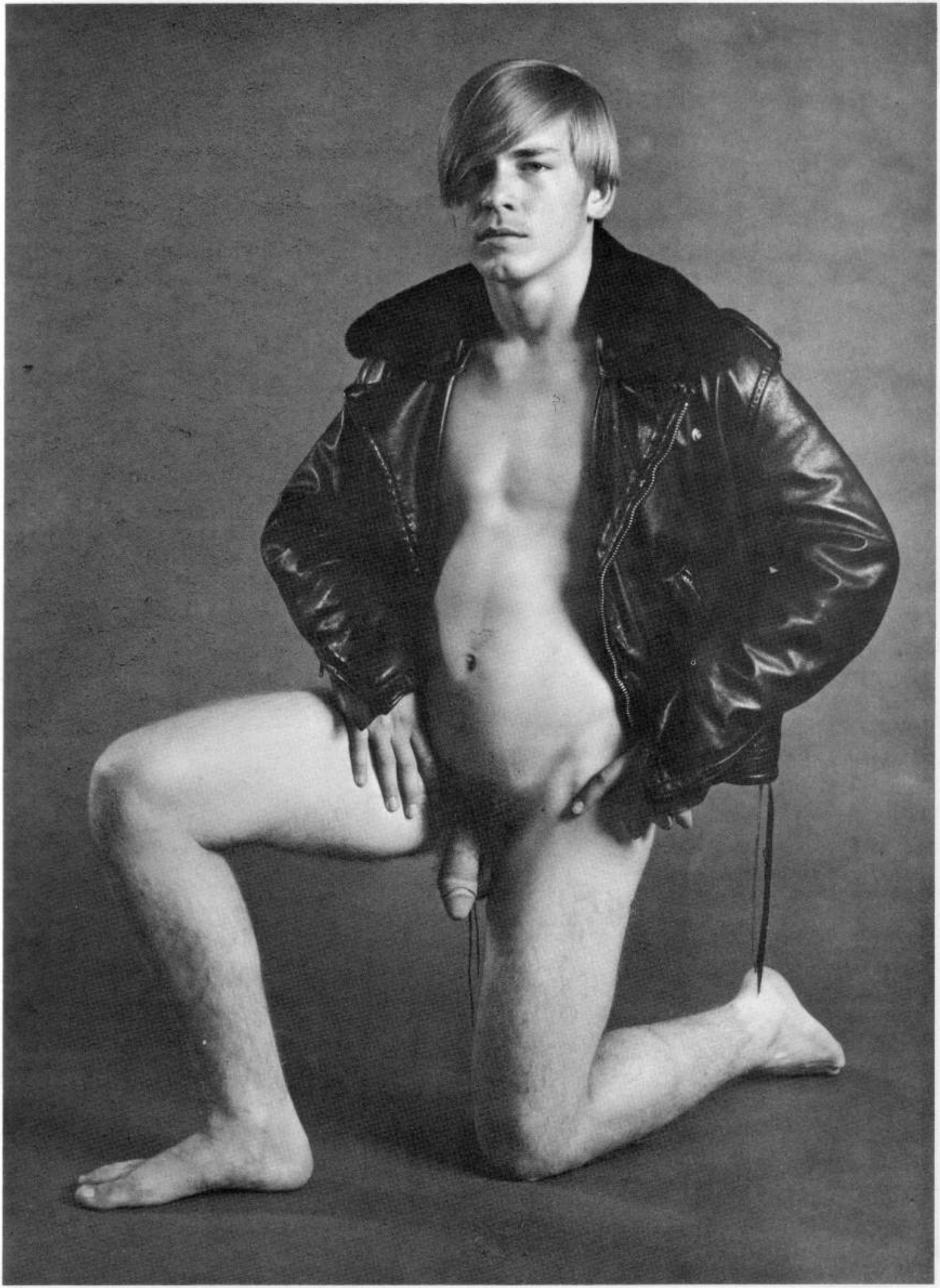

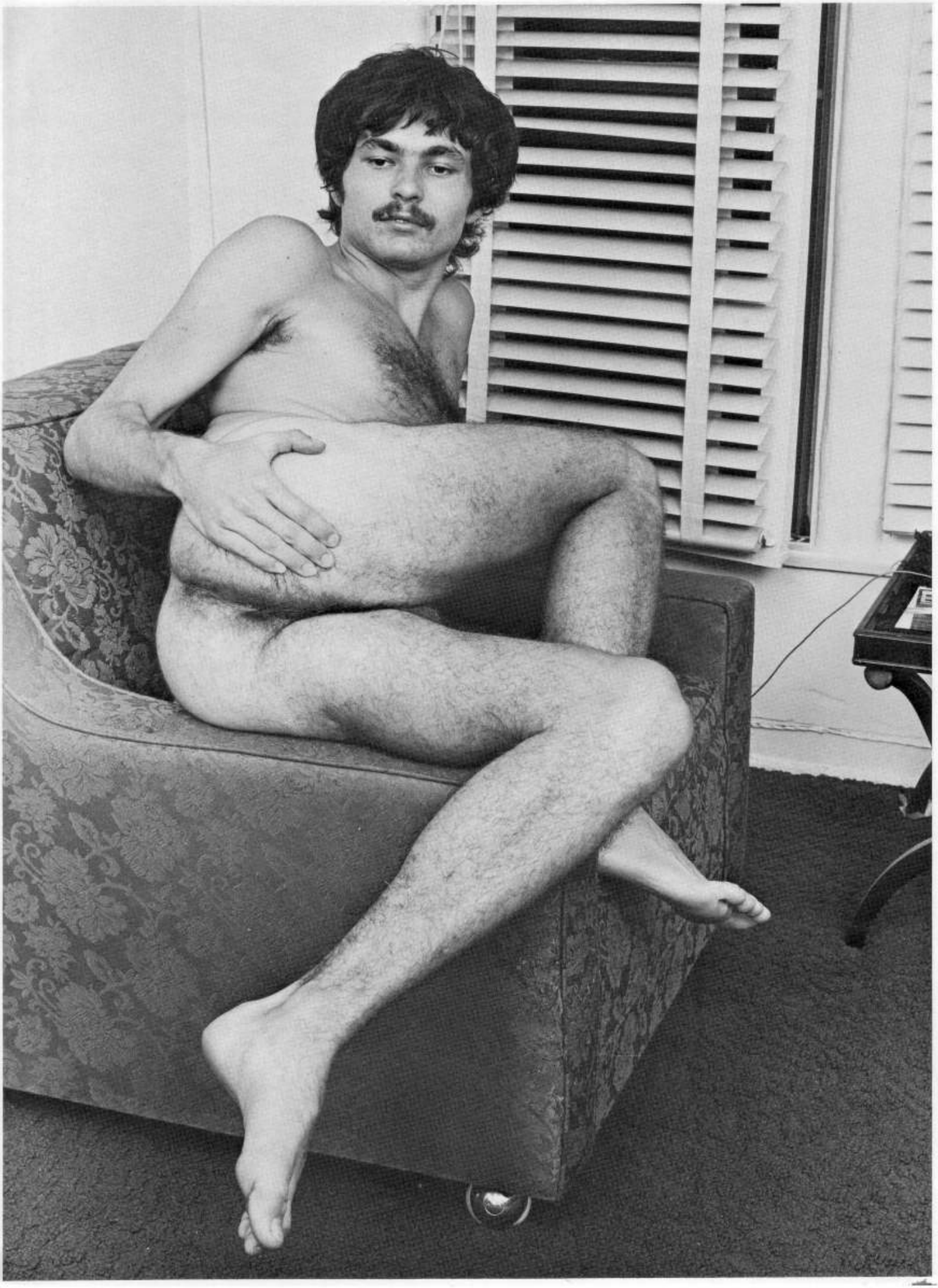

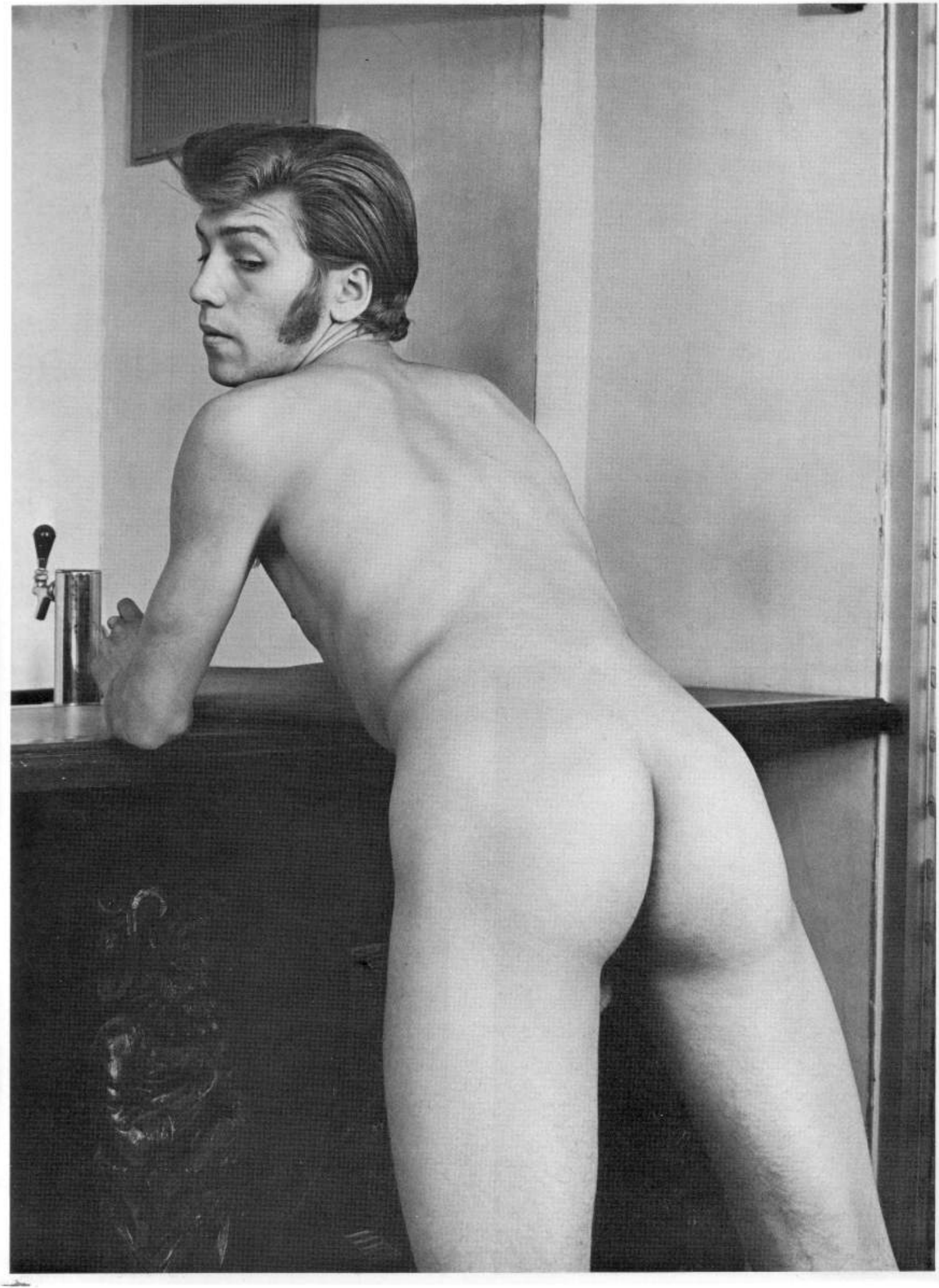

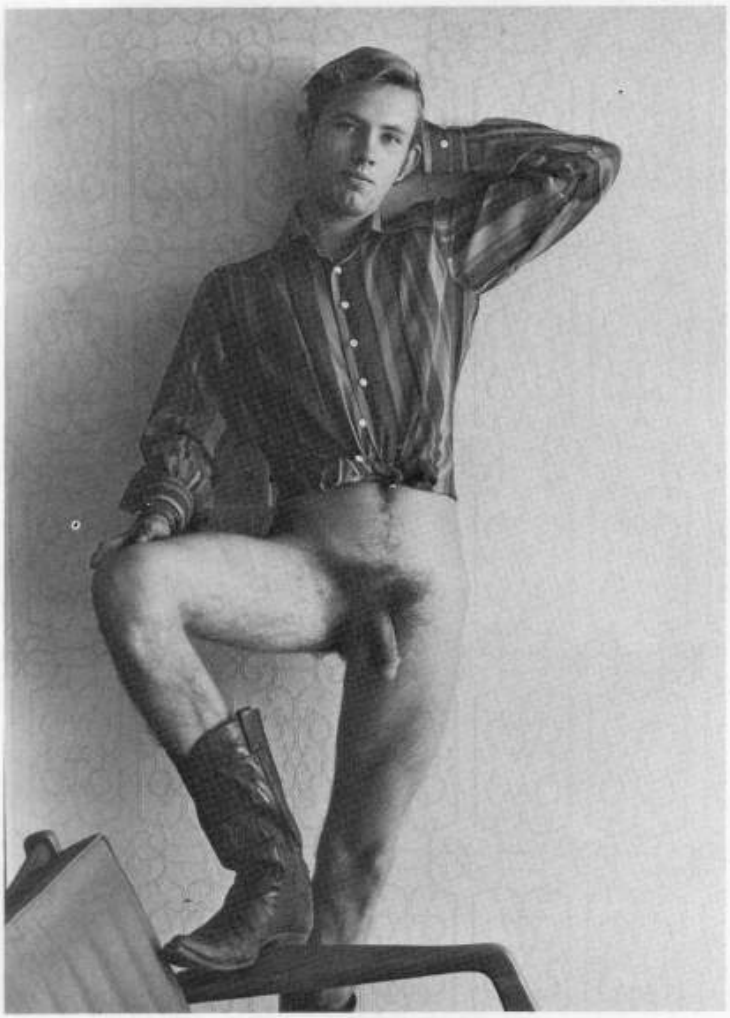

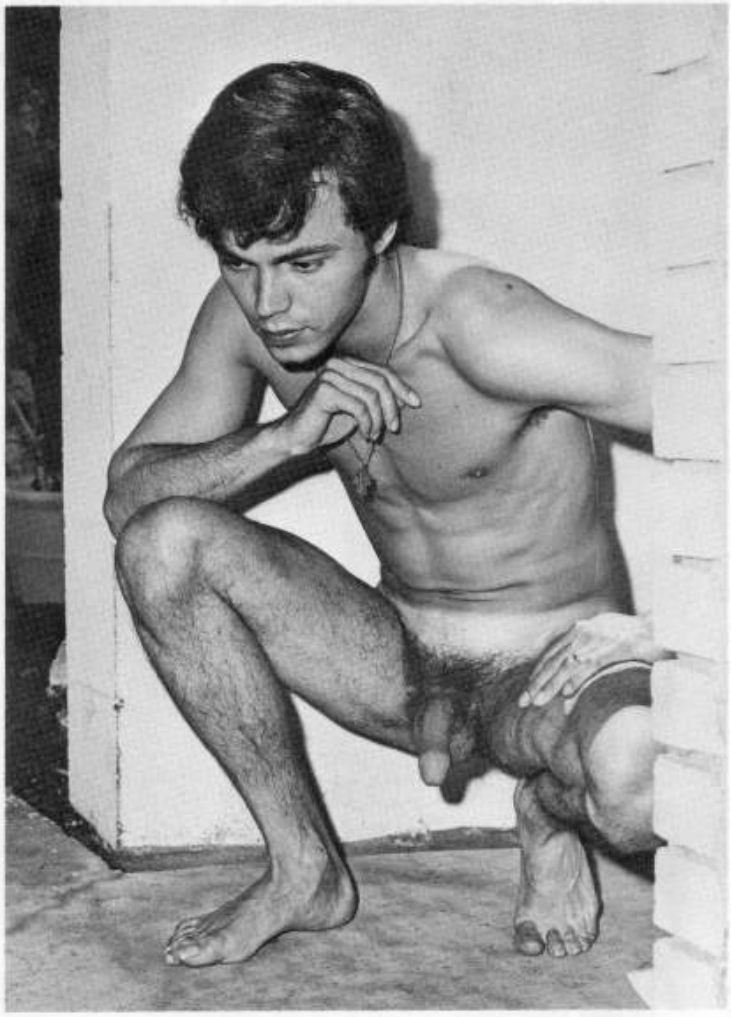

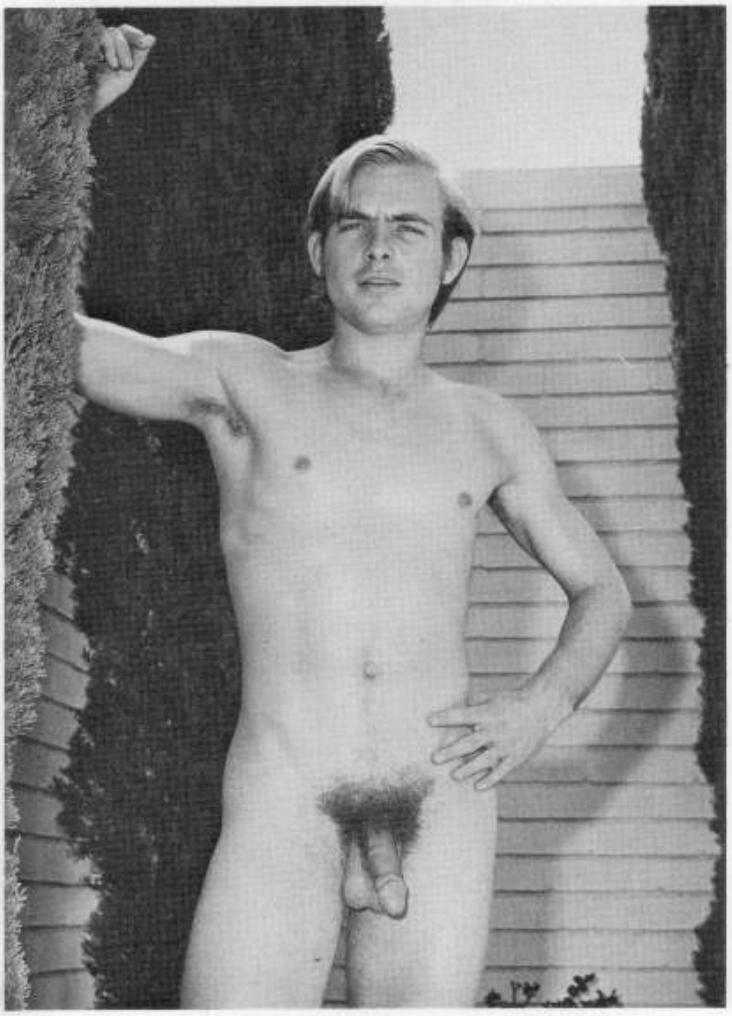

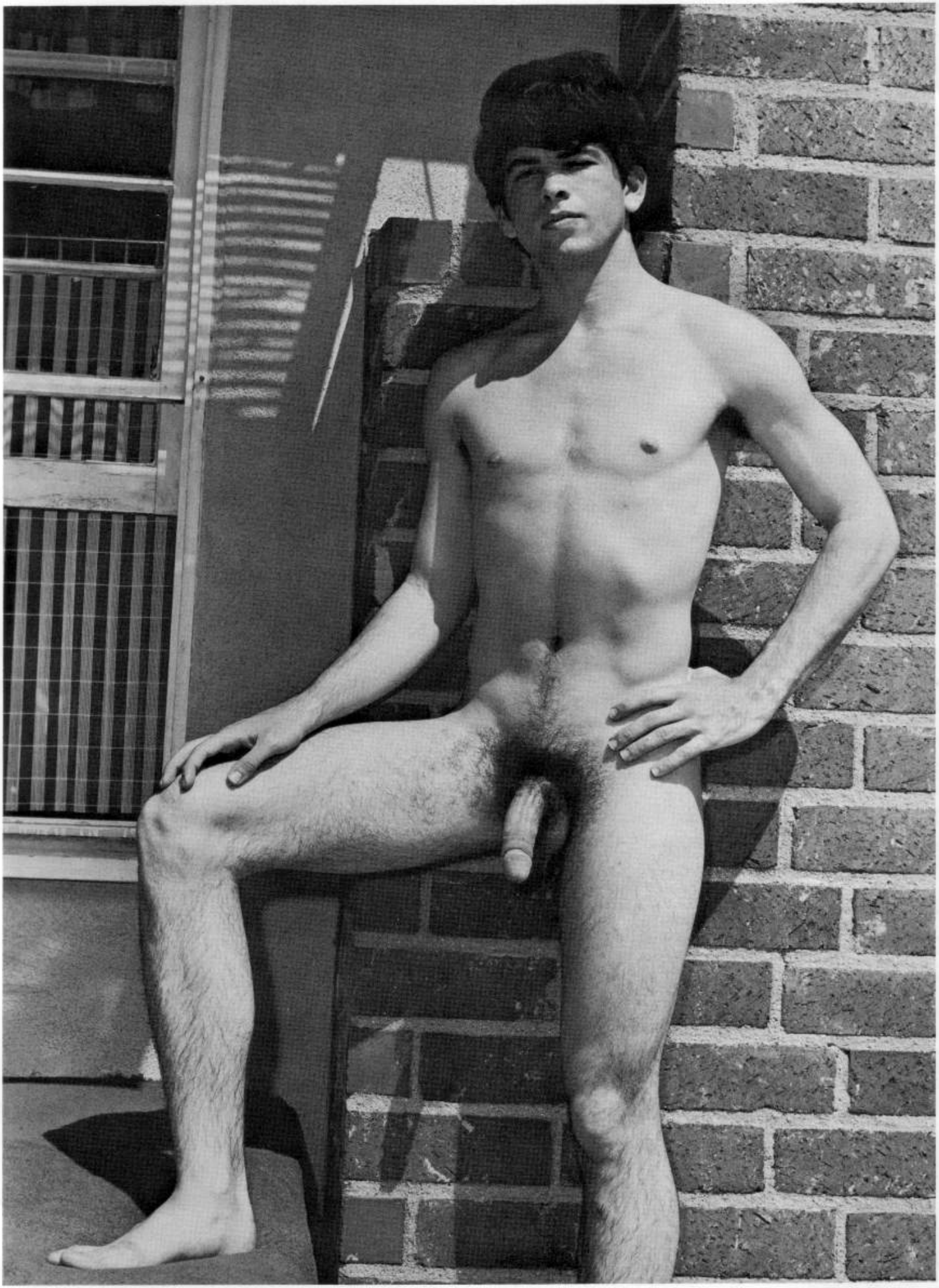

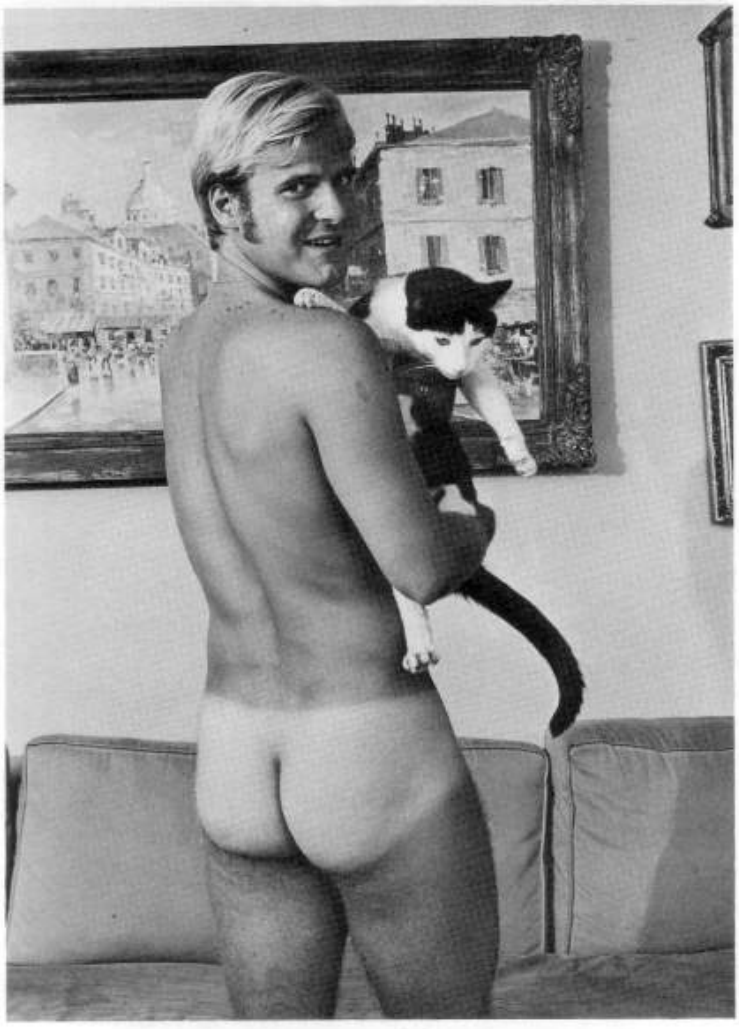

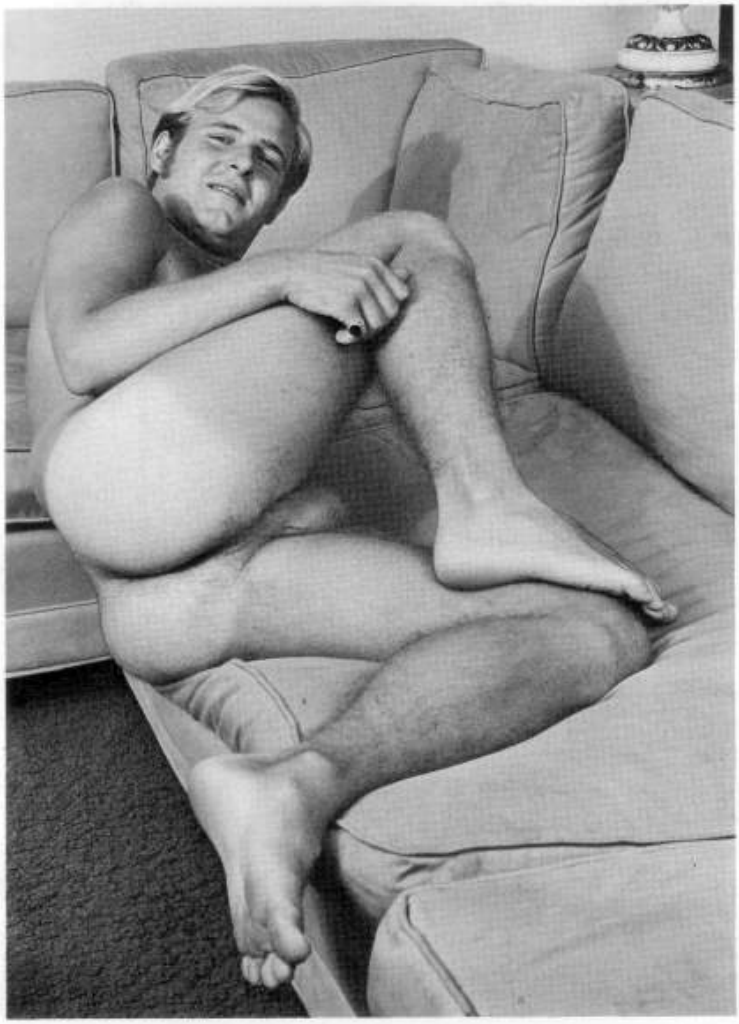

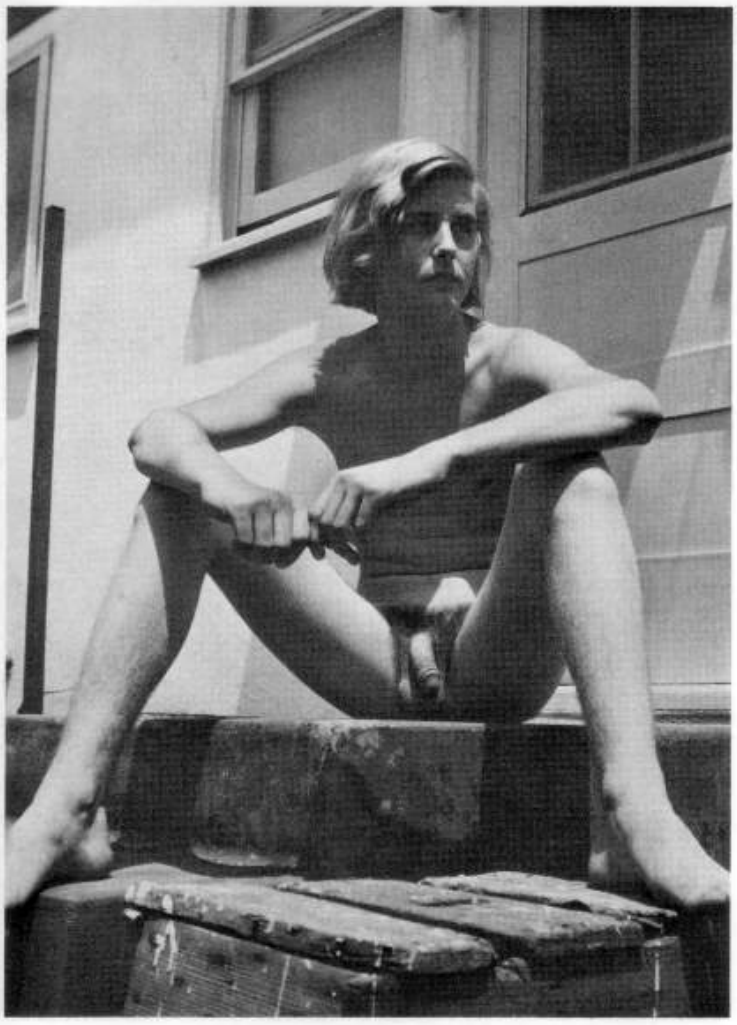

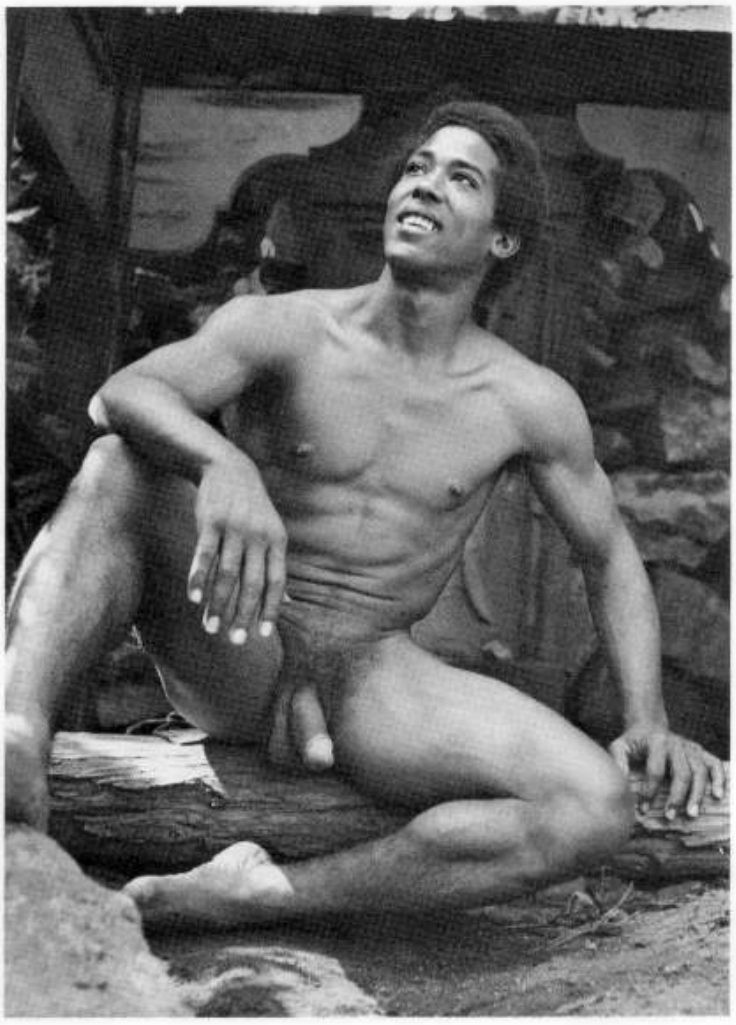

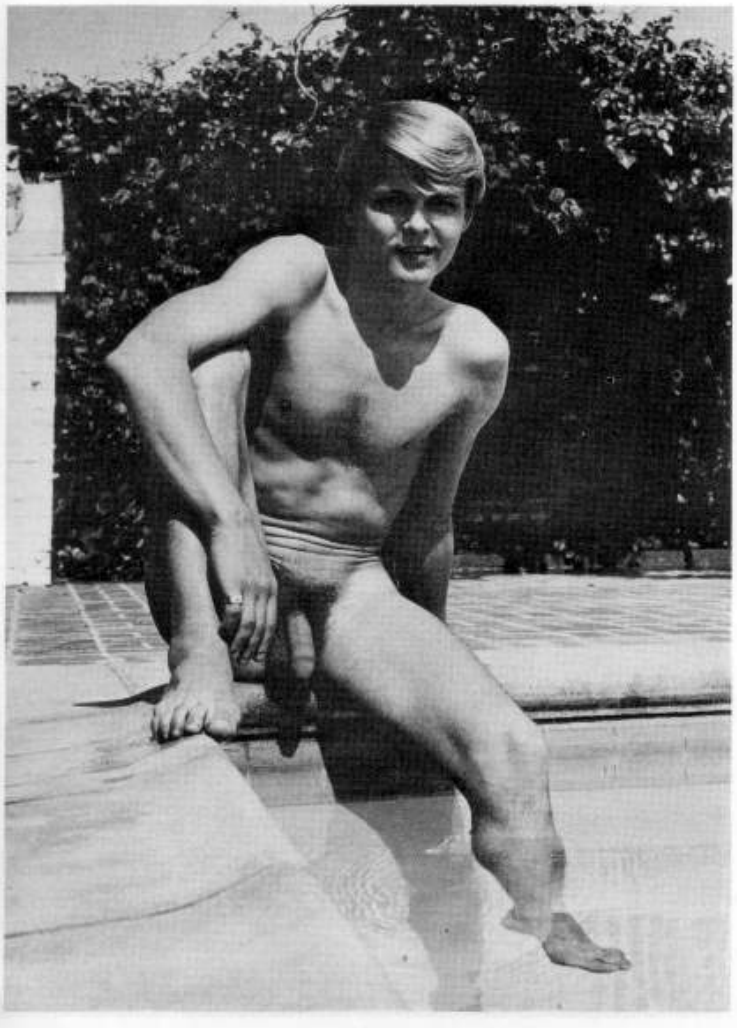

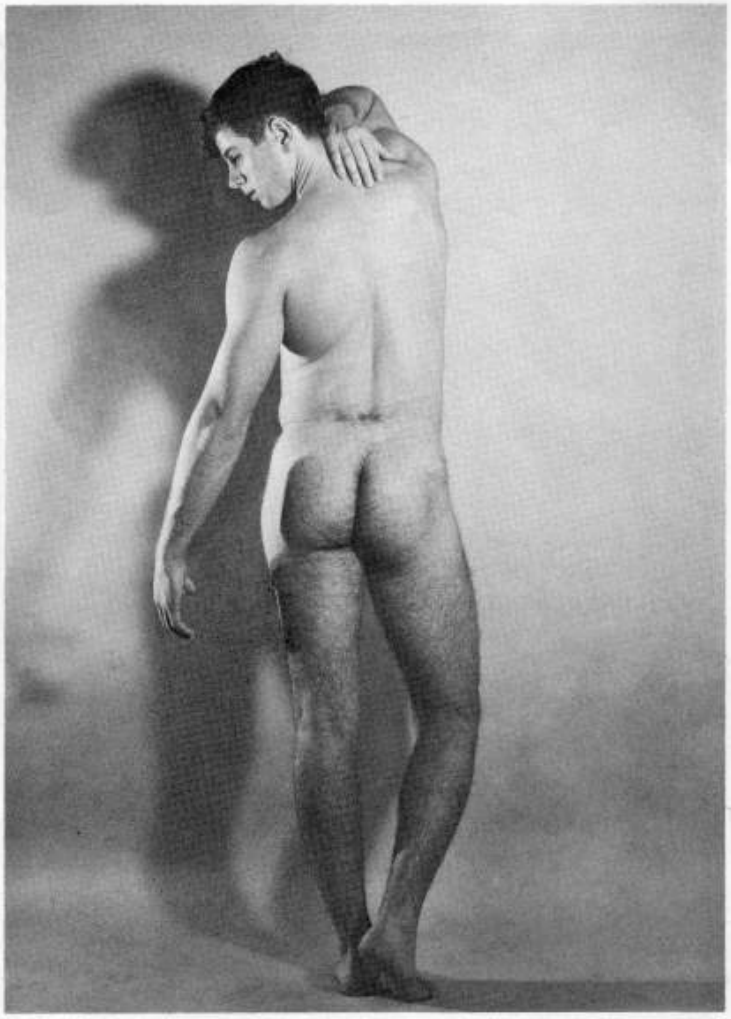

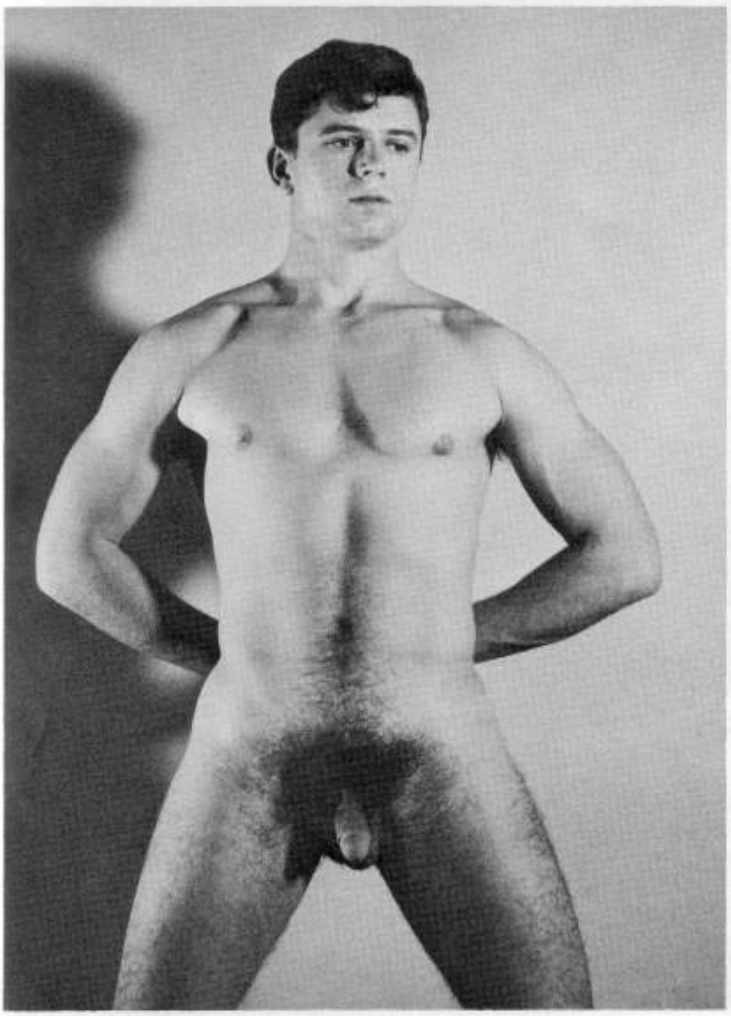

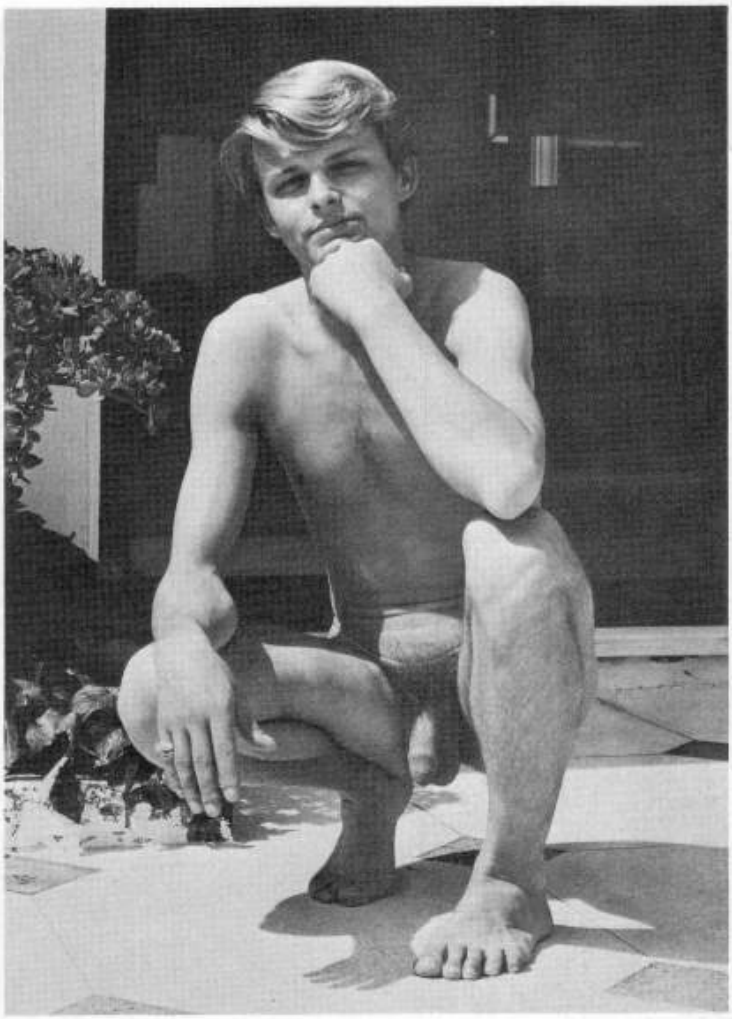

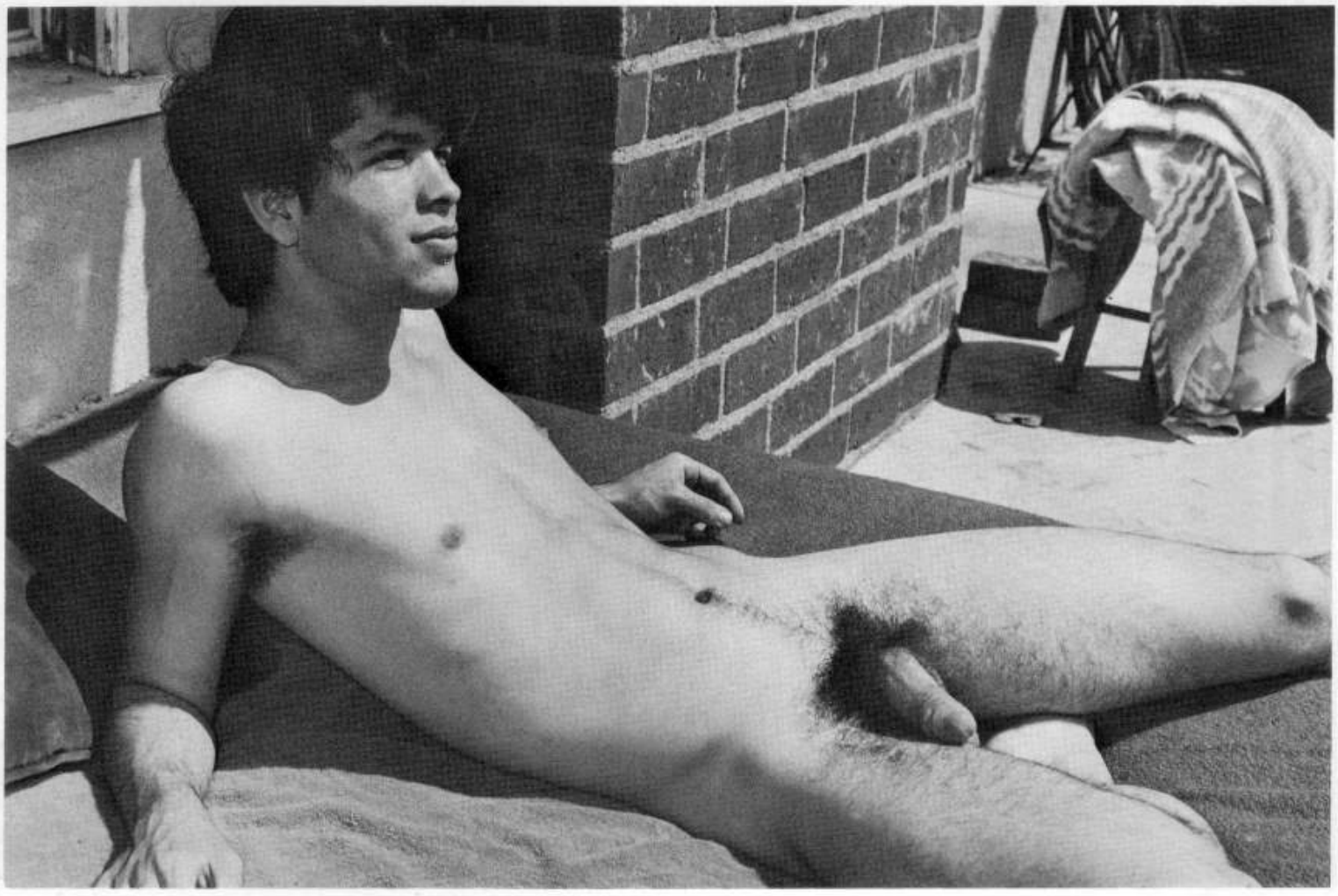

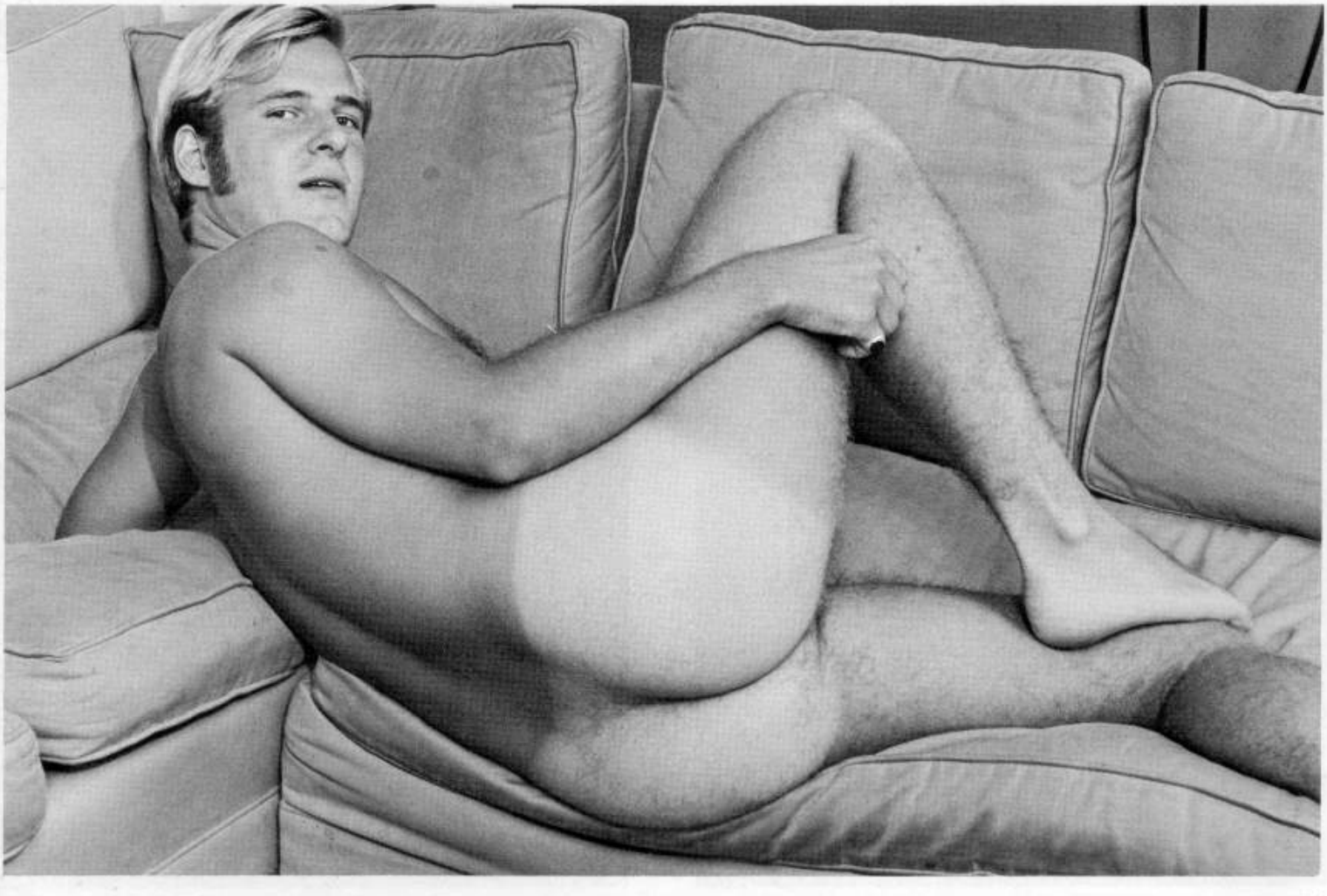

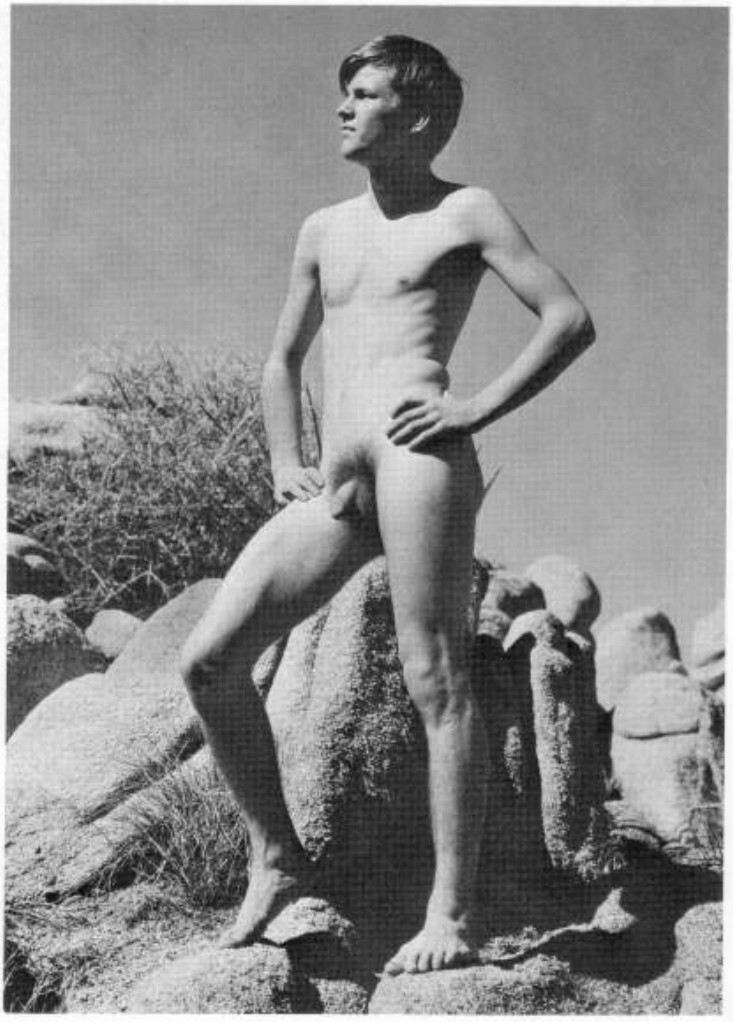

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They ended by agreeing that it was primarily due to the packed theaters that presented the rock-musical "Hair."

They wisely pointed to the fact that this musical, featuring nudity and plain language, served by its obvious success as a true indicator of what the American public wants to see in its entertainment forms.

That many of this same group of experts were instrumental in further opening avenues of honest and realistic entertainment in the media is a happy step forward for all Americans.

Whatever form of entertainment we choose, whether it be drama, ballet, TV, magazines or books, we are finding this realism to be refreshing. It gives a new dimension to the very word entertainment.

Most important, it adds new meaning to the phrase "personal freedom," which has come to be dear to us.

stops, so that the trip to the mountains Saturday morning was the capper.

Not the skiing part. I made a fool of myself on skis, but I didn't care. I'm pretty good on roller skates, in fact, Steve an me'd gone skating Wednesday night and picked up a couple neat, slender tricks and took them back to my pad for the wildest four-way I've ever had a part in. And somehow I'd just thought that standing up on skis and moving with them would be the same. It isn't. But there's a heck of a lot more fun to be had at a ski resort than skiing!

We could see that the moment we drove up to the lodge.

Mike Craig, the guy who turned out to be our instructor—and a lot more than that—was perched invitingly out in front of the lodge as we drove up—blue jeans an silver jacket, longish brown hair, maybe a bit lighter than either of ours, and pixie face, a real hip type, not like the stiff old stereotype of the ski instructor, tall, severely handsome blond, certain to be either German or Swedish.

I suppose Steve had that same stereotype in mind, cause at first he didn't even seem too taken by Mike, but two words from Mike Craig, accompanied by a super friendly handshake and a really warm smile, and I could see Steve not only melt but really sizzle.

I had on a heavy maroon jacket I'd got for a camping trip last year. Steve's bright red jacket looked pretty lightweight to me, but he said it was good and warm. Anyhow, the sun was bright and fairly warm when we arrived, and it didn't seem particulary cold til the first time we stepped into the deep shade, or got where a cold breeze was whipping down the mountainside.

Mike helped us get our gear (it was mostly all Steve's) out of the

(Continued on Page 5)

car (that was mine) and said he'd meet us in two hours for some beginners' lessons. Steve hadn't wasted any time letting Mike know I was a tenderfoot—though I don't think that's exactly skier's jargon. But as it turned out, Steve wasn't all that experienced either.

* * *

Steve and me fell into one another's arms, rubbing our cold noses together, our hands searching up under our jackets and shirts, as soon as we got inside our cabin. We'd been up most of the night before, and the ride up had made me sleepy, so while Steve busied around starting a fire in the fireplace, I stripped down and flaked out.

. . . and dreamed I was a telephone lineman, climbing the biggest telephone pole in the world, rising up out of a vast field of

(Continued on Page 7)

snow . . . and I realized that the pole was really a supergiant cock, and as I climbed higher up the shaft, it was beginning to throb, and the throbbing was coming from the ground underneath, shaped now like a great hairy belly, and two dark moss-covered boulders. . . .

. . . then I could feel myself lying on something soft, feel a hand playing with my cock, and I woke up rock-hard just as Steve bent over and began to tongue my cockhead. He played it slow and serious and I could almost feel myself climbing that pole again, up and over, throbbing, sending that whole pole like a cannon's spew down Steve's hot throat. . . .

Then he was kissing me. I could taste my own cum on his lips. He moved up over me and held out his rigid stump for me to take. Just had to turn my head slightly to take that sweet meat and suck slowly at it, until he moved over me and began working my spent cock up again. So with my own steam rising again, I began putting a lot more steam into sucking him, both of us going hot and heavy, slick sticks sliding deep into hot throats, balls growing heavy, drawing up close, building in a beautiful agony of expectation before spewing forth their loads. . . .

A half hour later we were waiting for Mike to join us, sitting on a rail outside, getting the feel of the place chiefly by resting our booted feet on a pile of dirty snow.

"Hey baby," Steve said, and I think I knew what was coming, and at first didn't like it, "you won't get upset if I try making it with Herr Ski Instructor, will you? We'll have plenty time up here for one another also."

I suppose my reaction showed. I was getting to feel real heavy about Steve, and while I could enjoy the two of us taking someone else to bed and sharing him, this was definitely something else.

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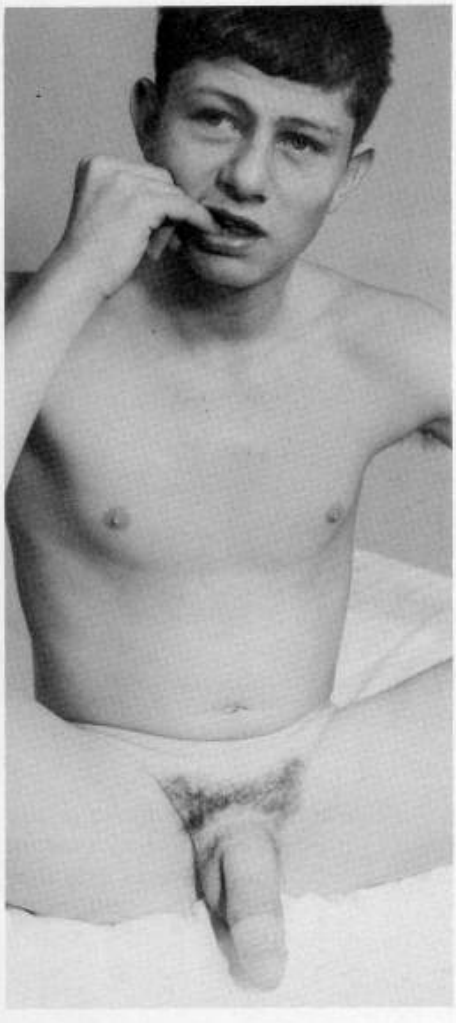

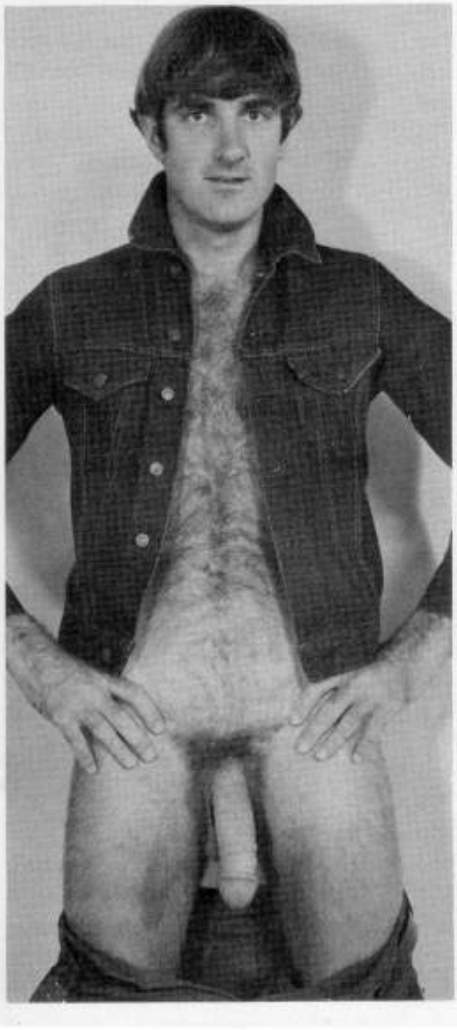

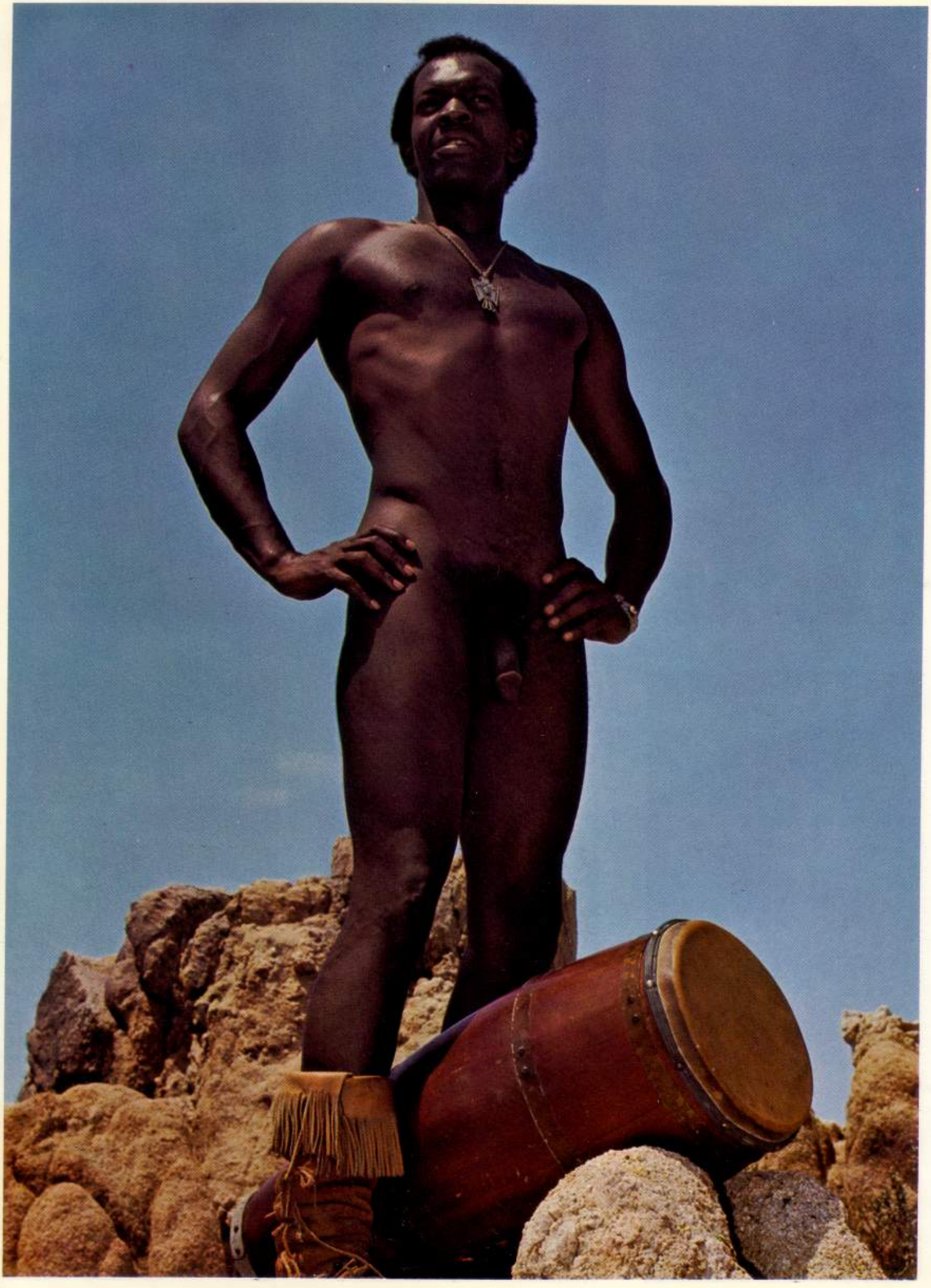

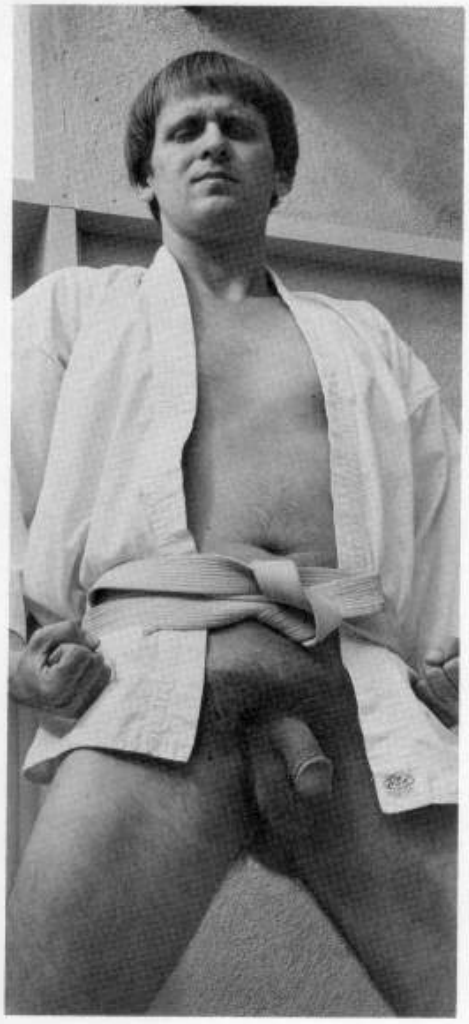

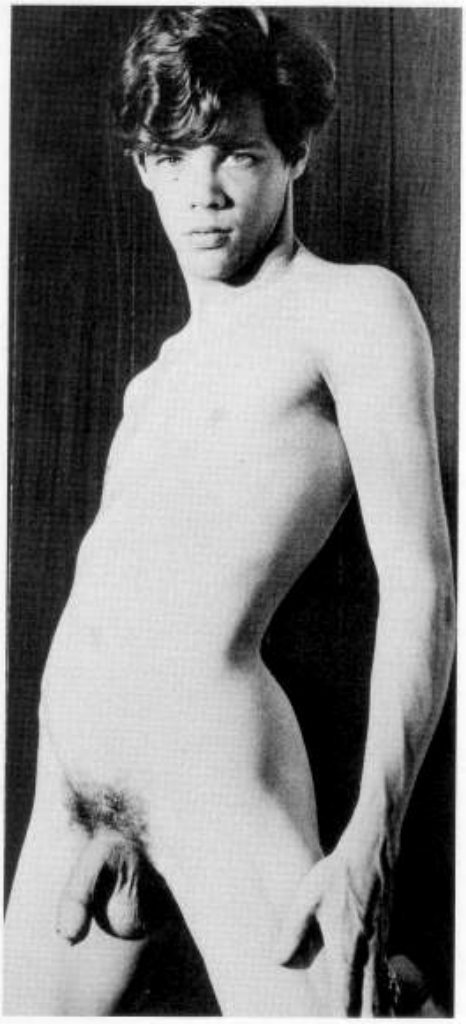

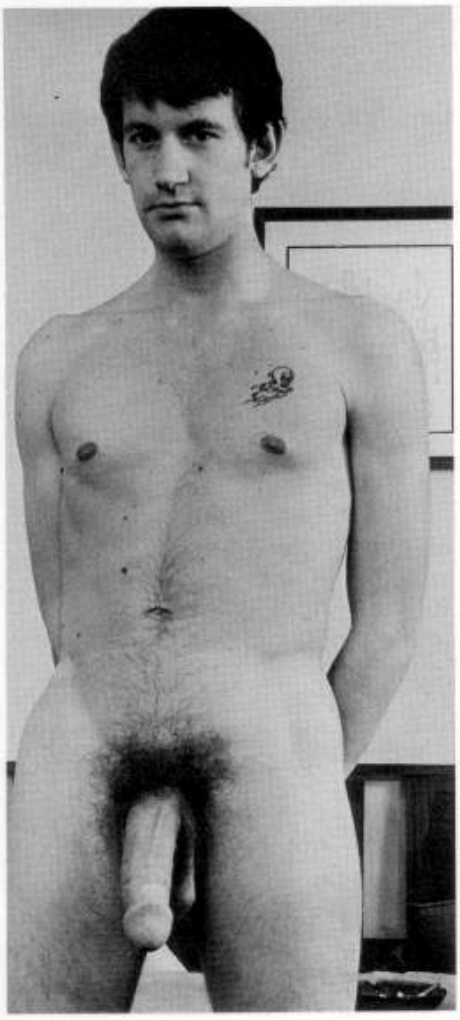

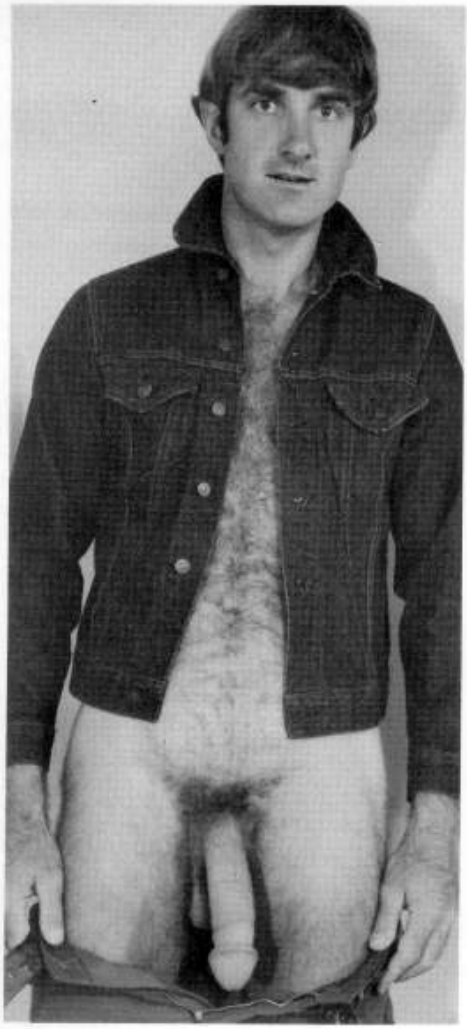

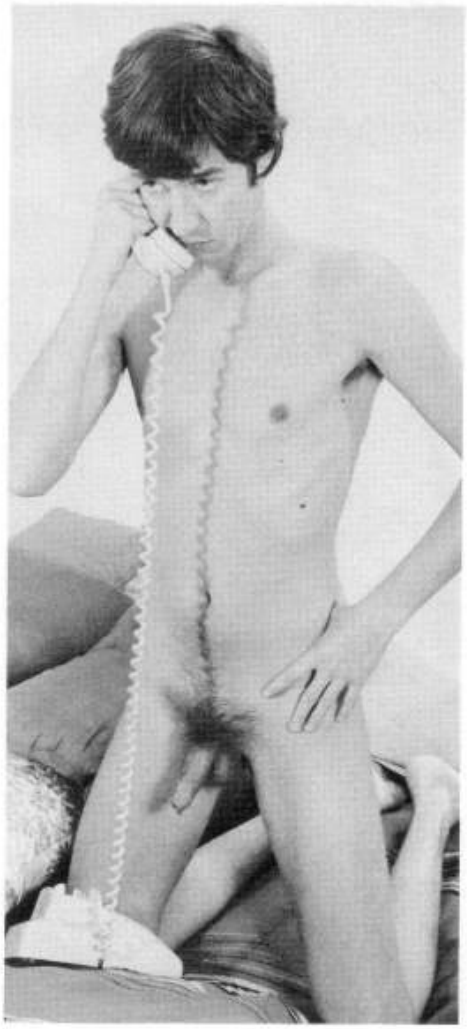

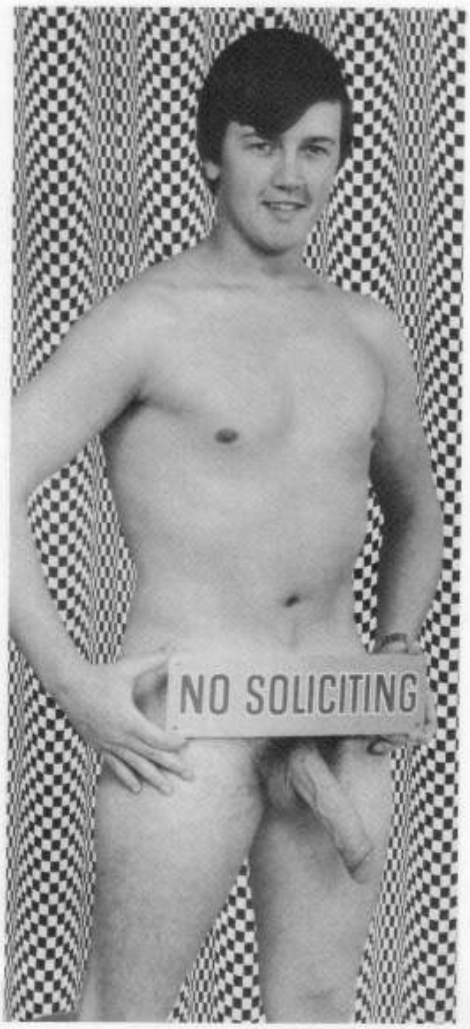
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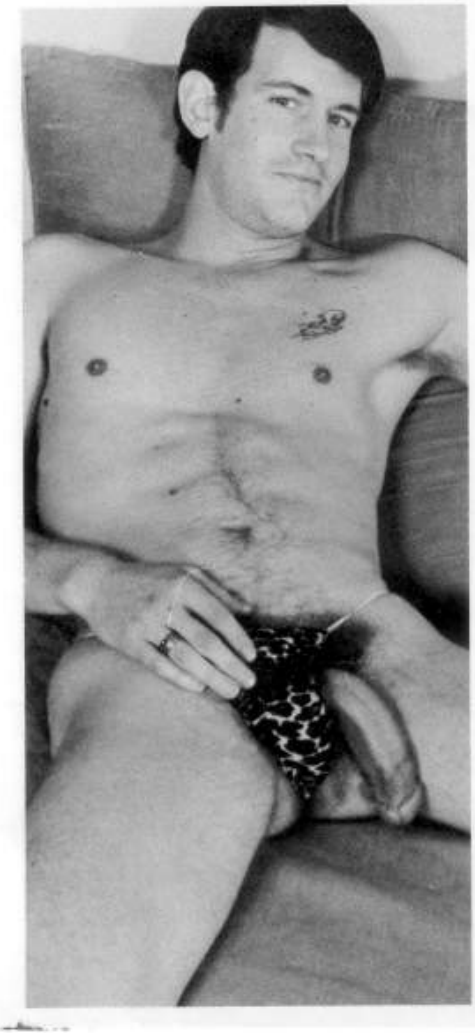

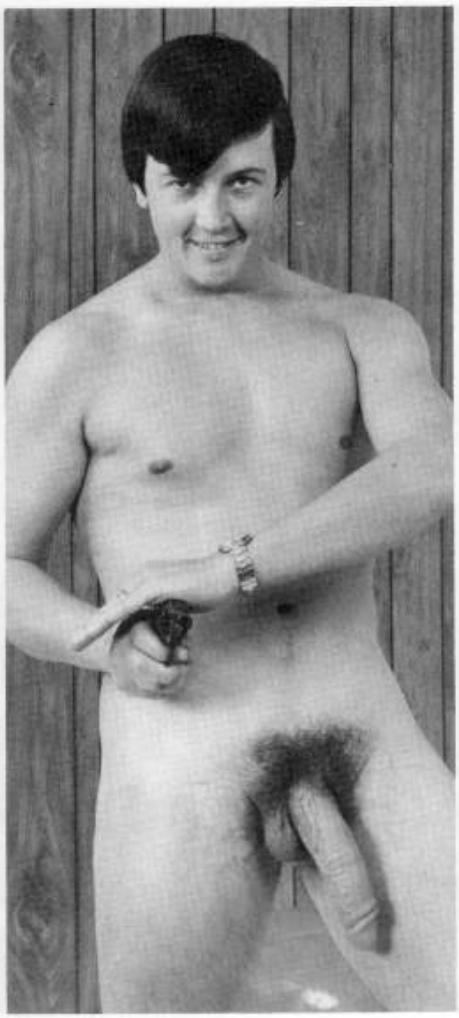

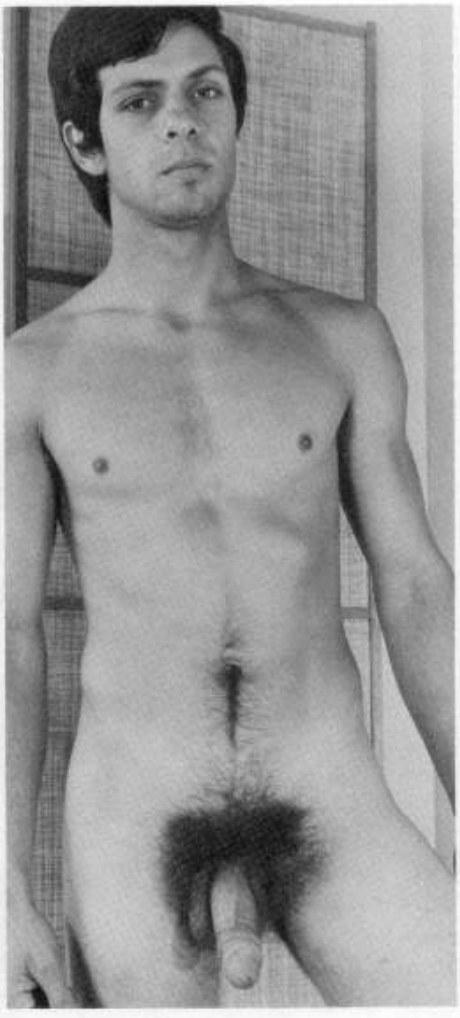

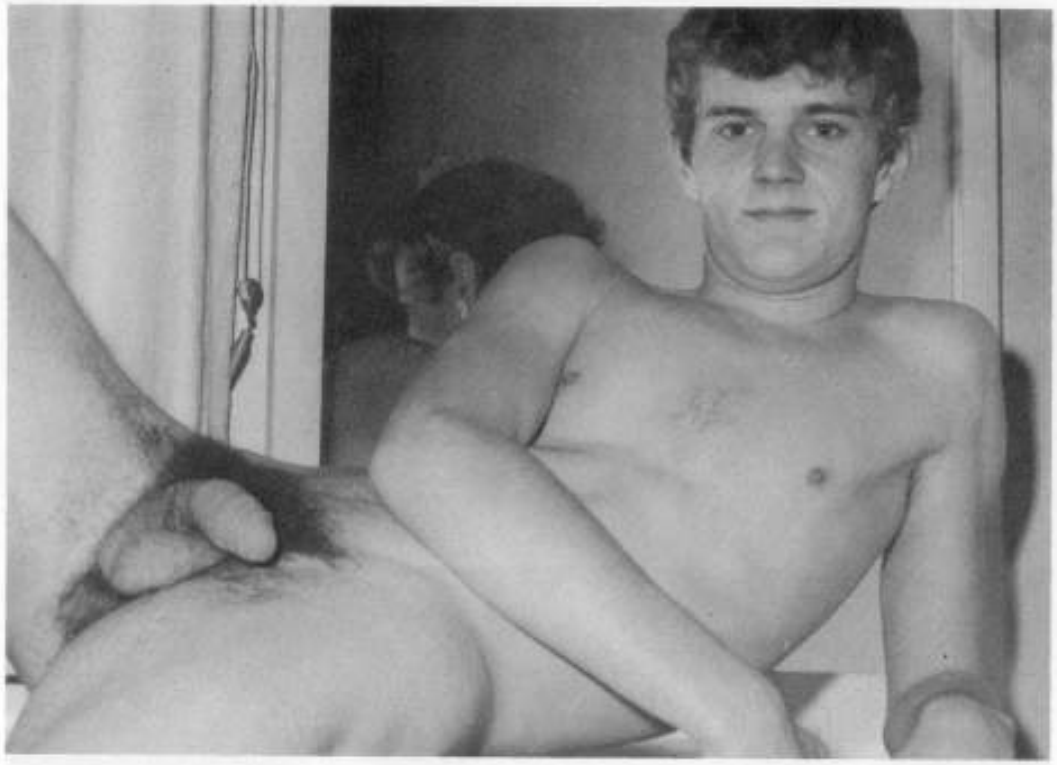

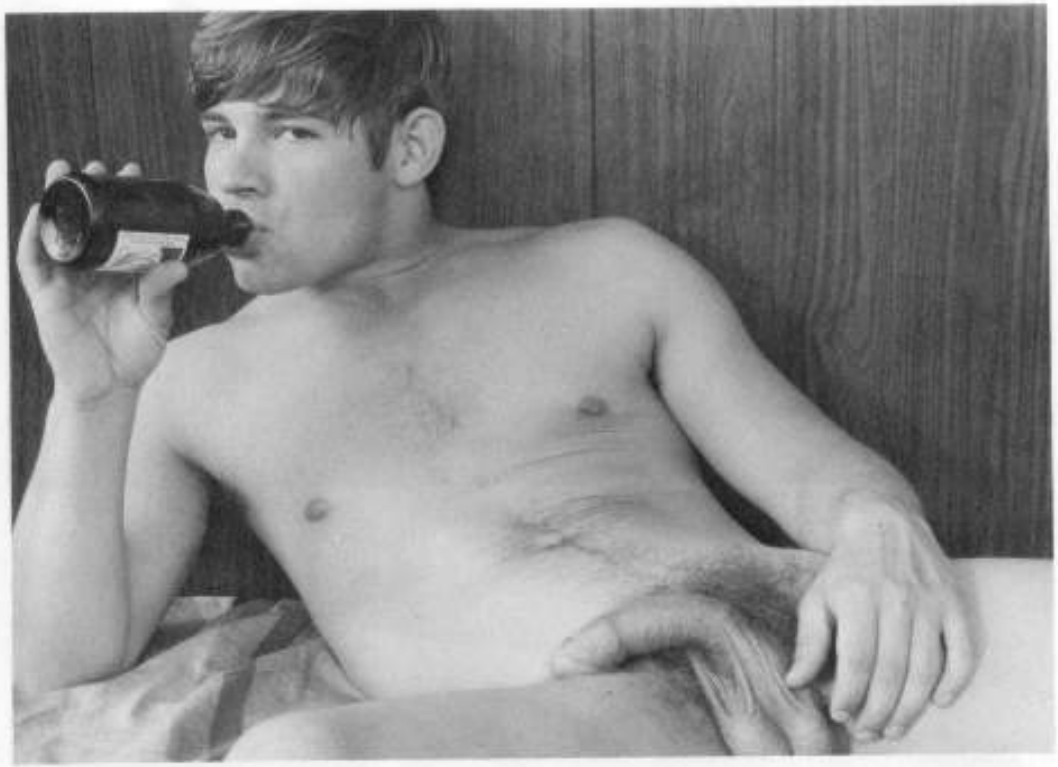

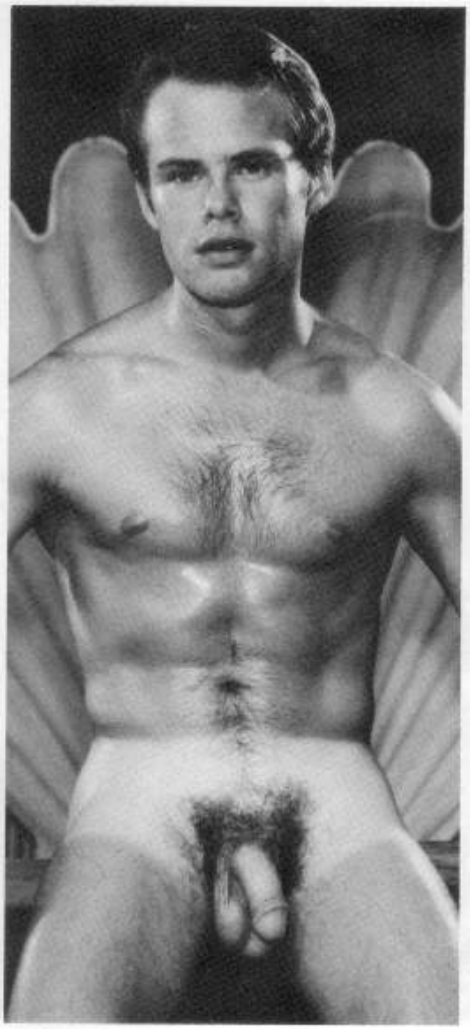

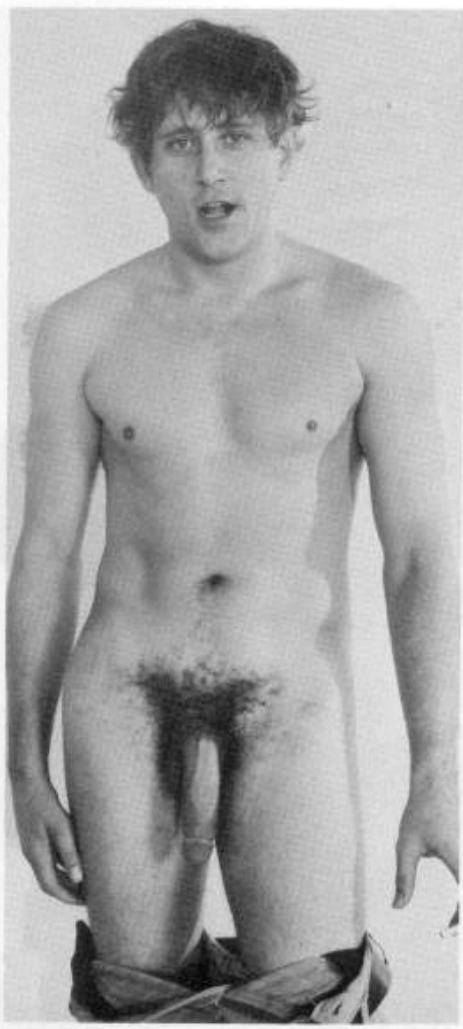

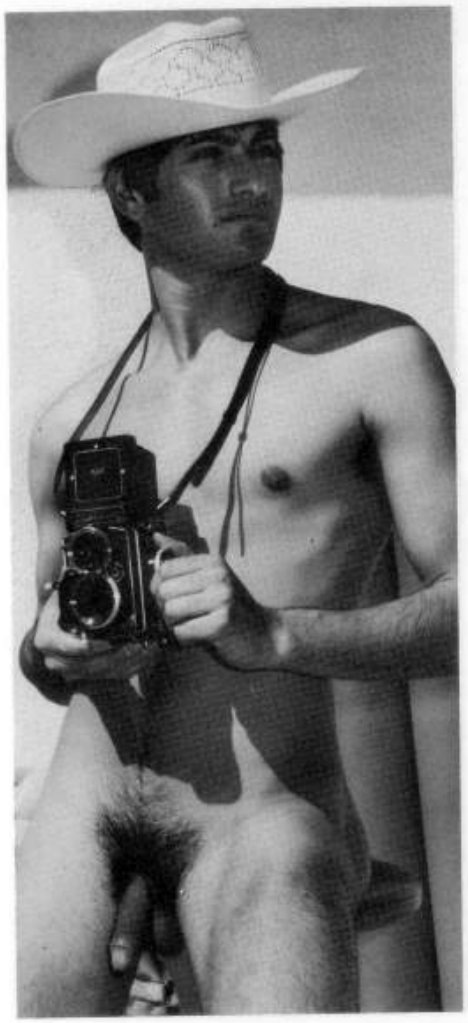

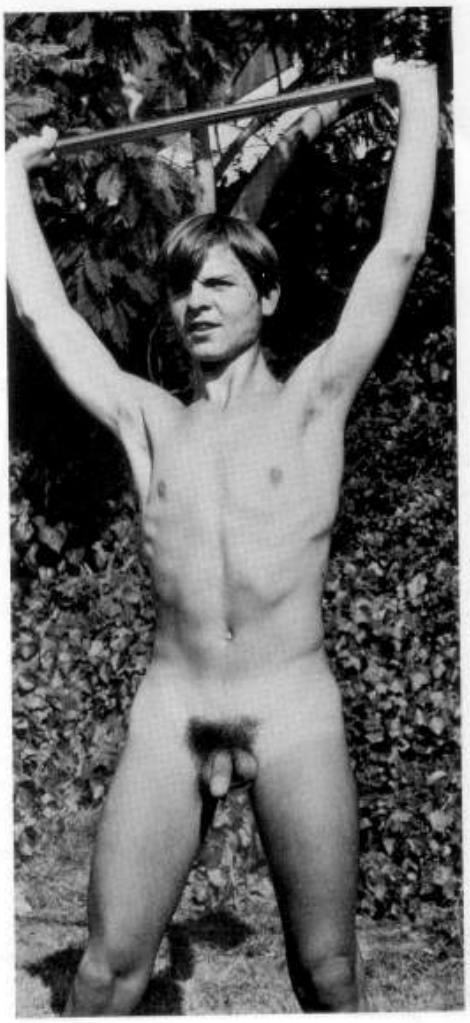

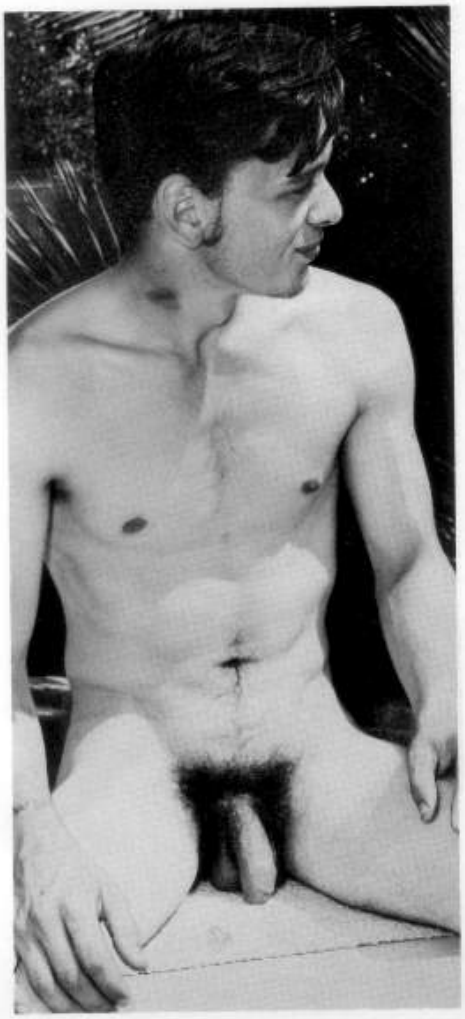

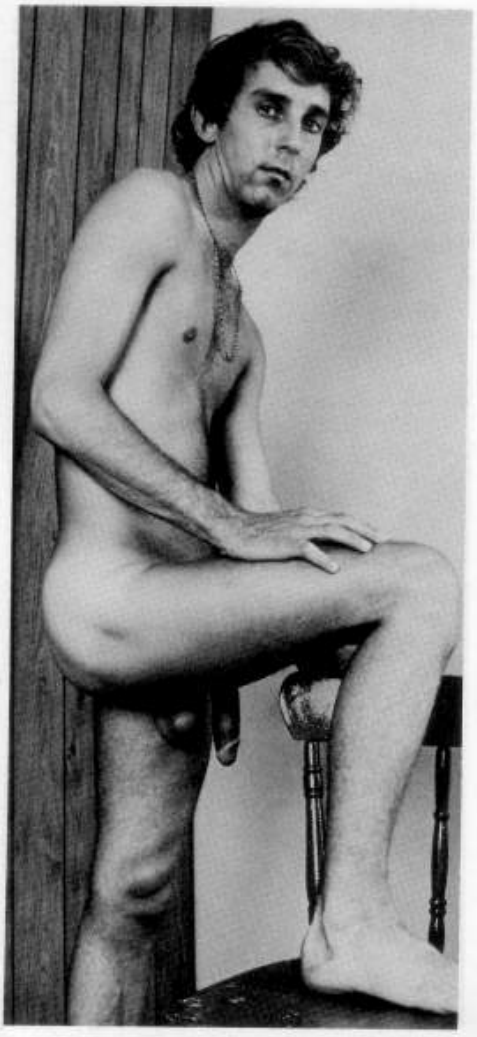

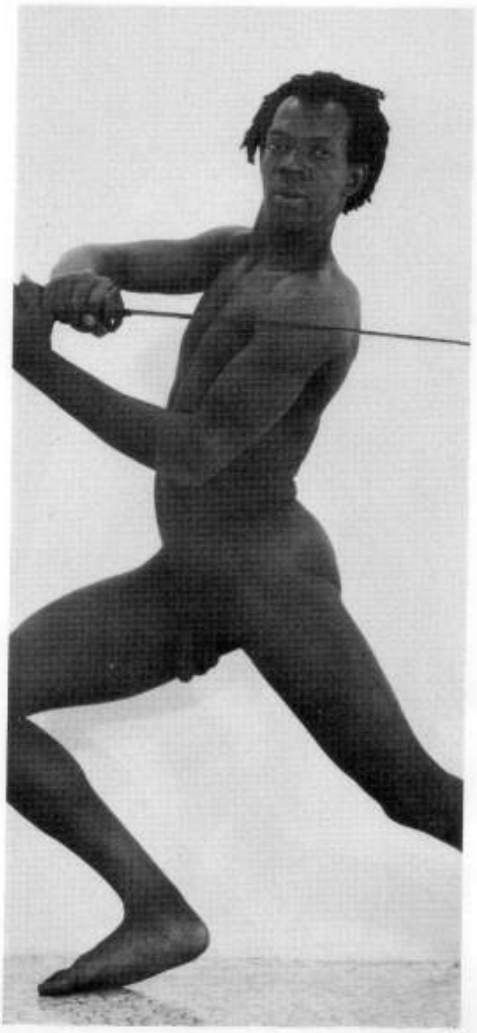

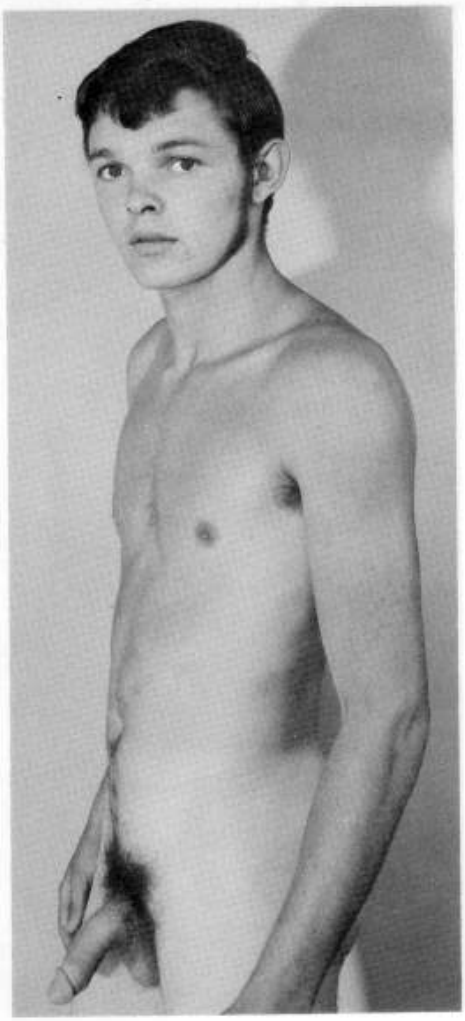

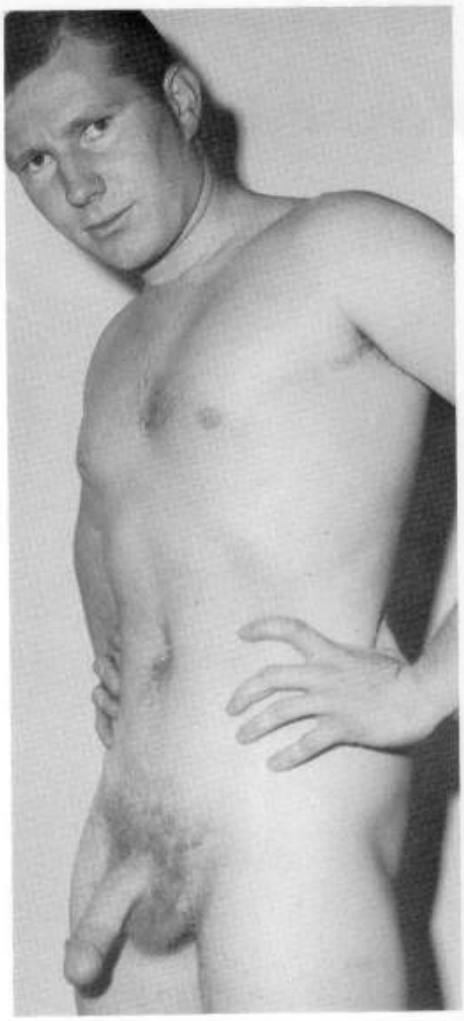

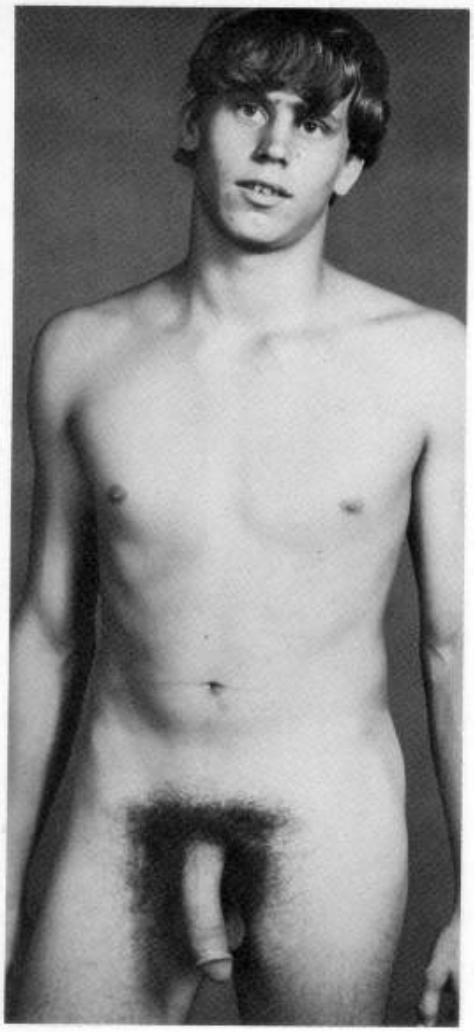

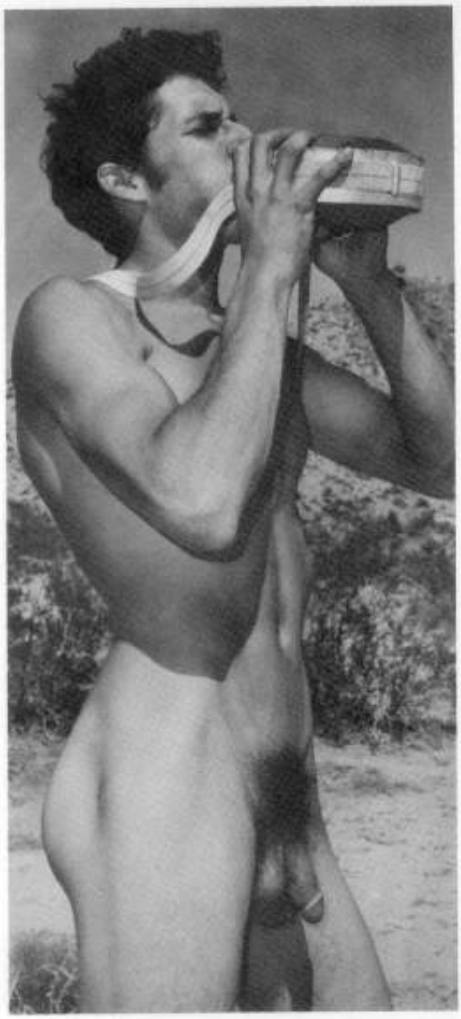

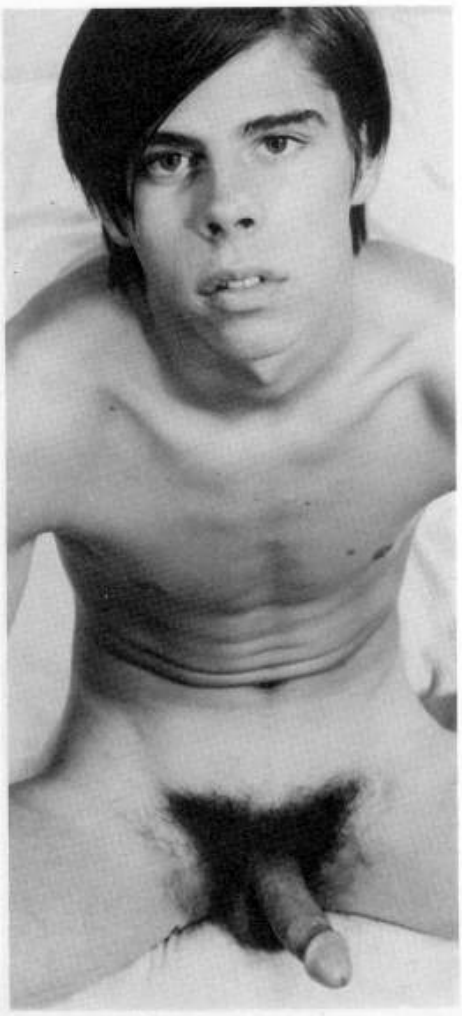

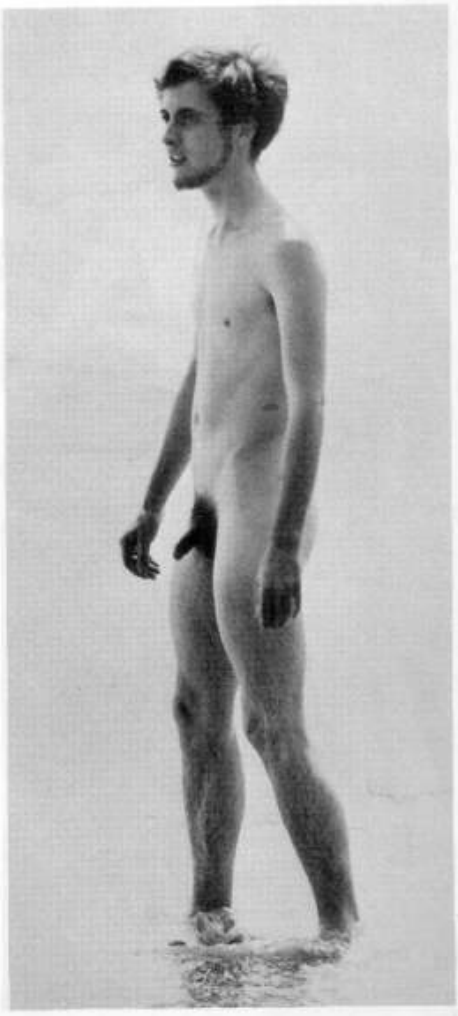

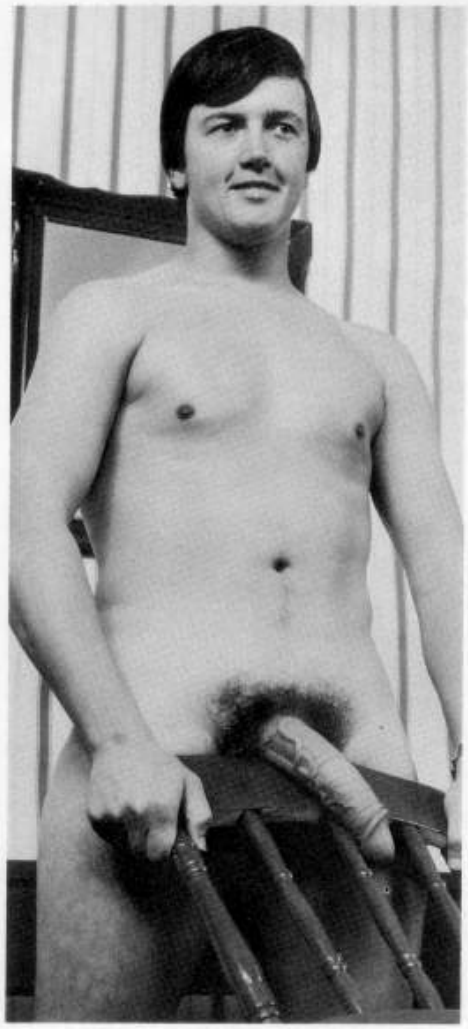

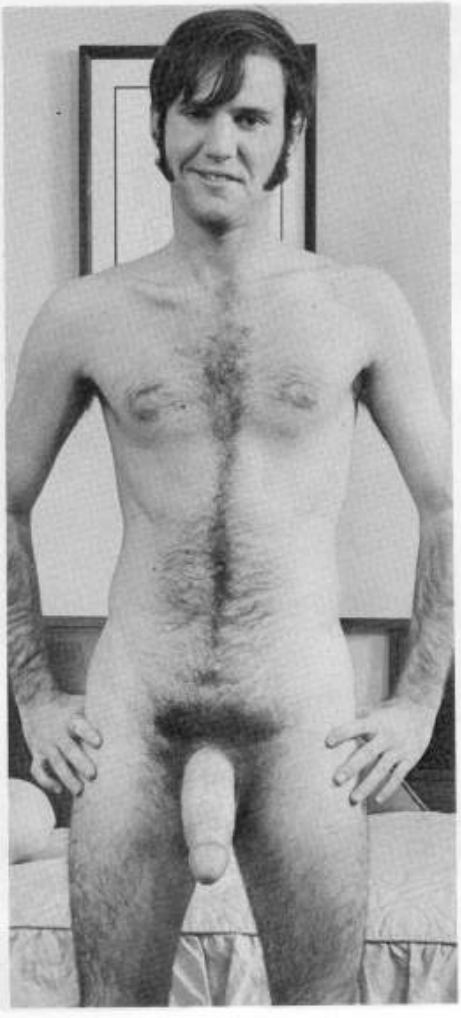
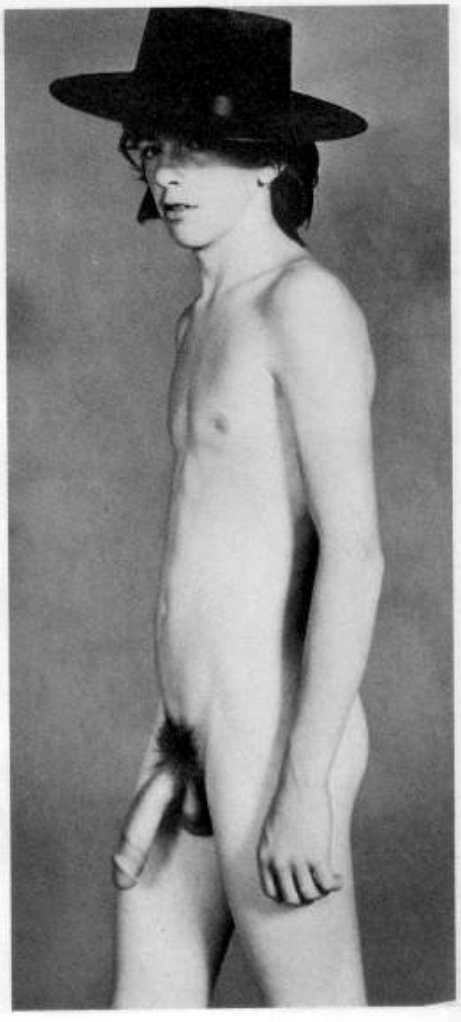

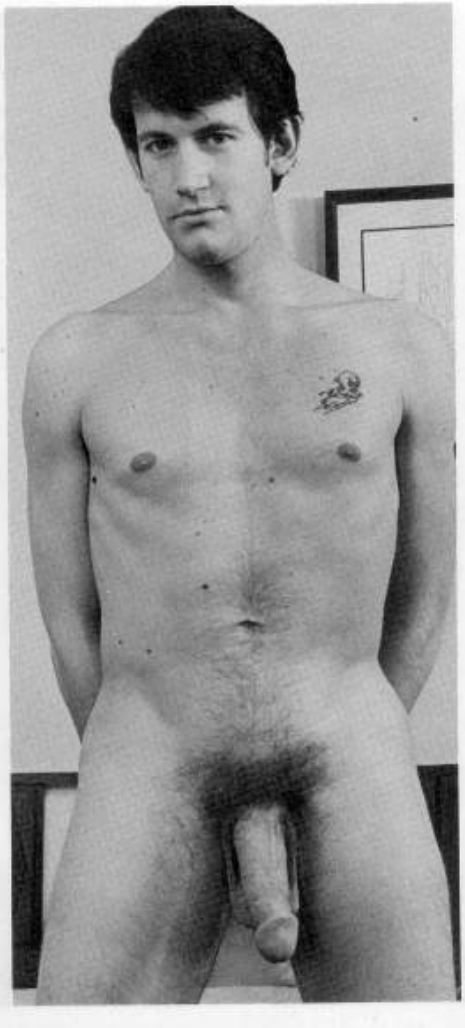

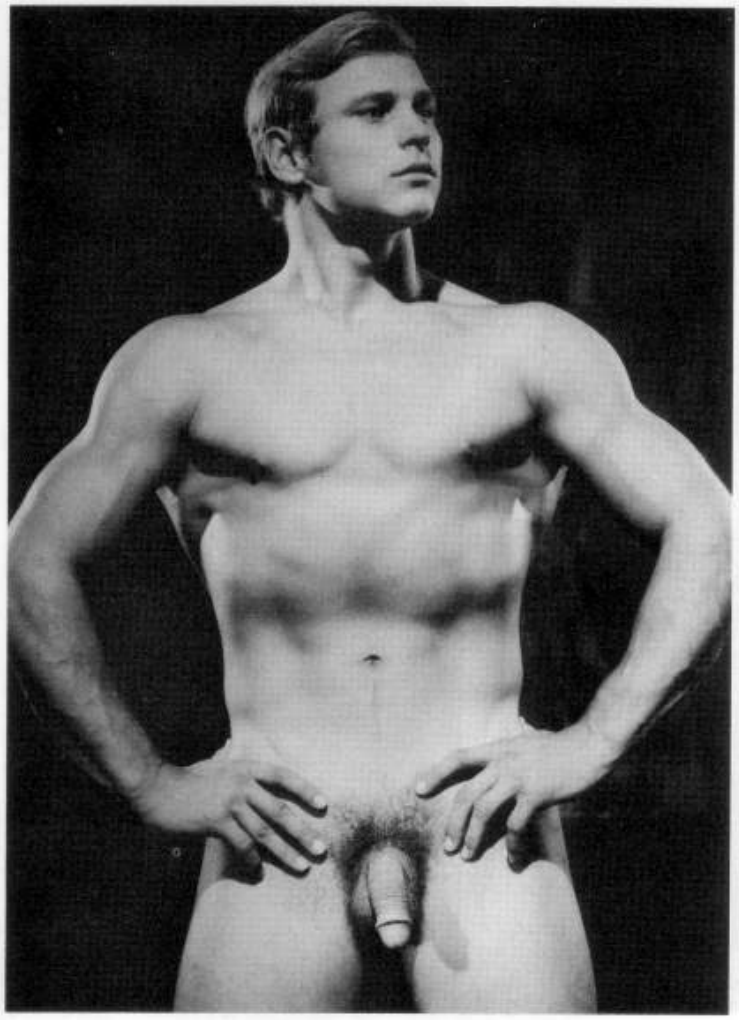

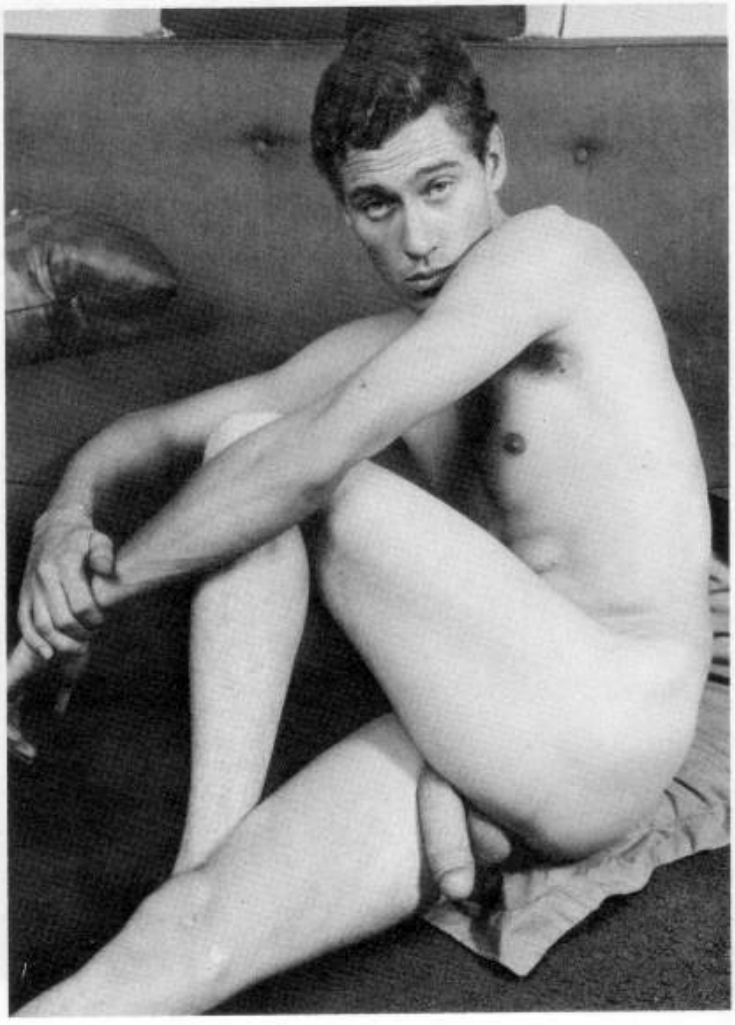

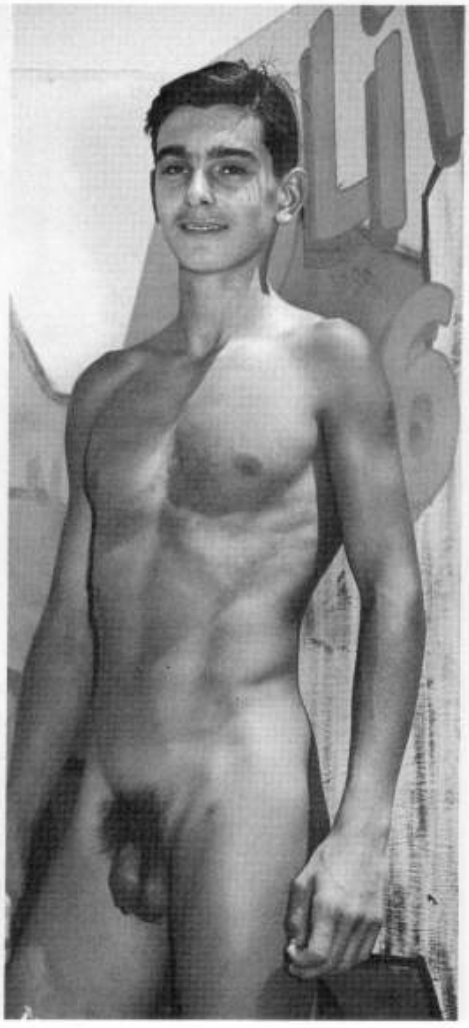

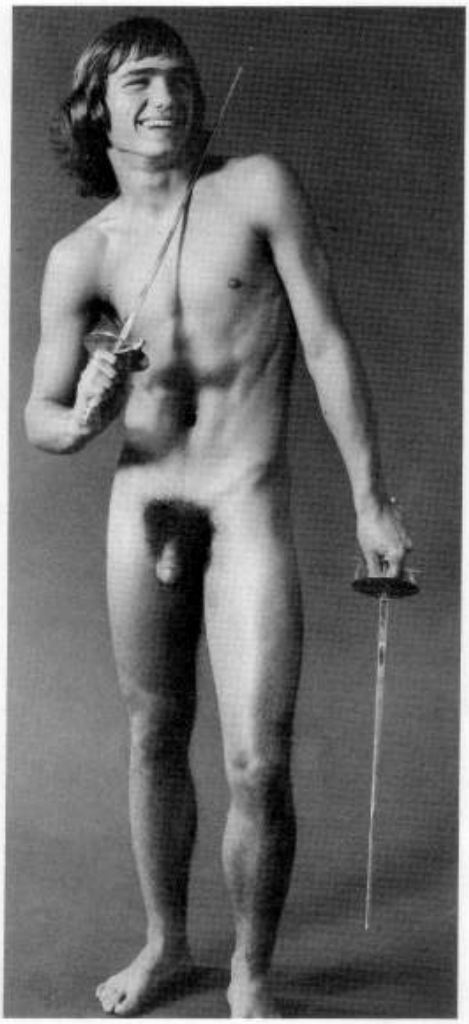

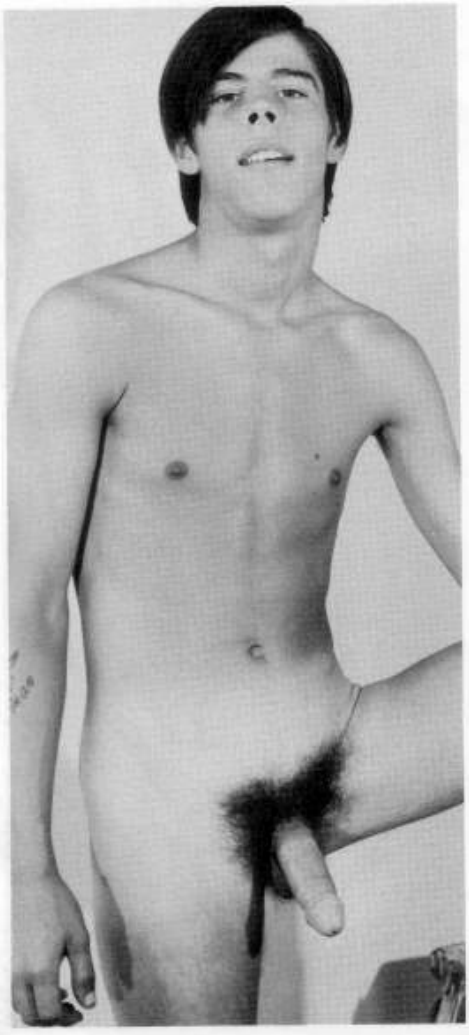

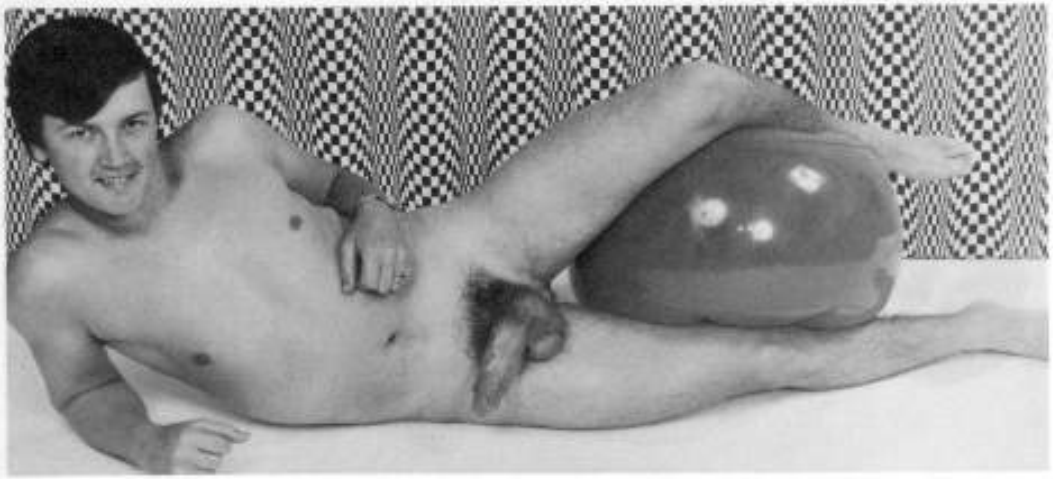

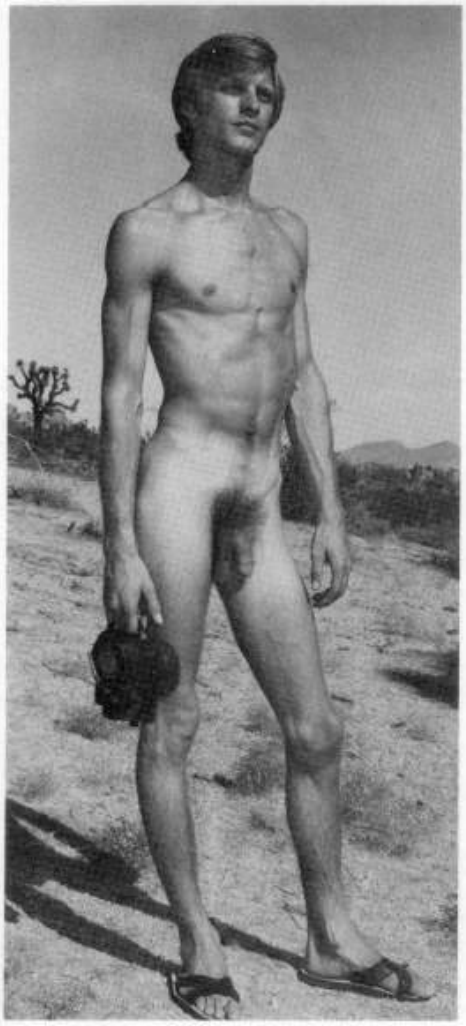

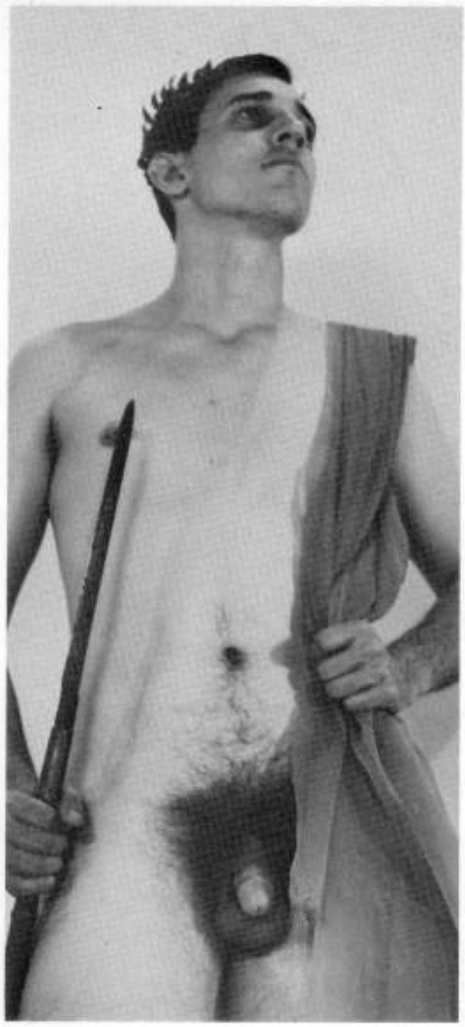

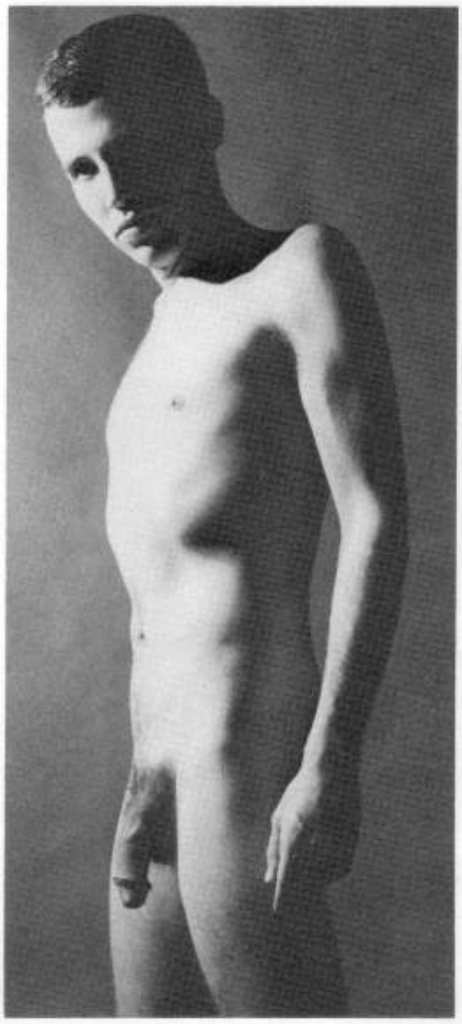

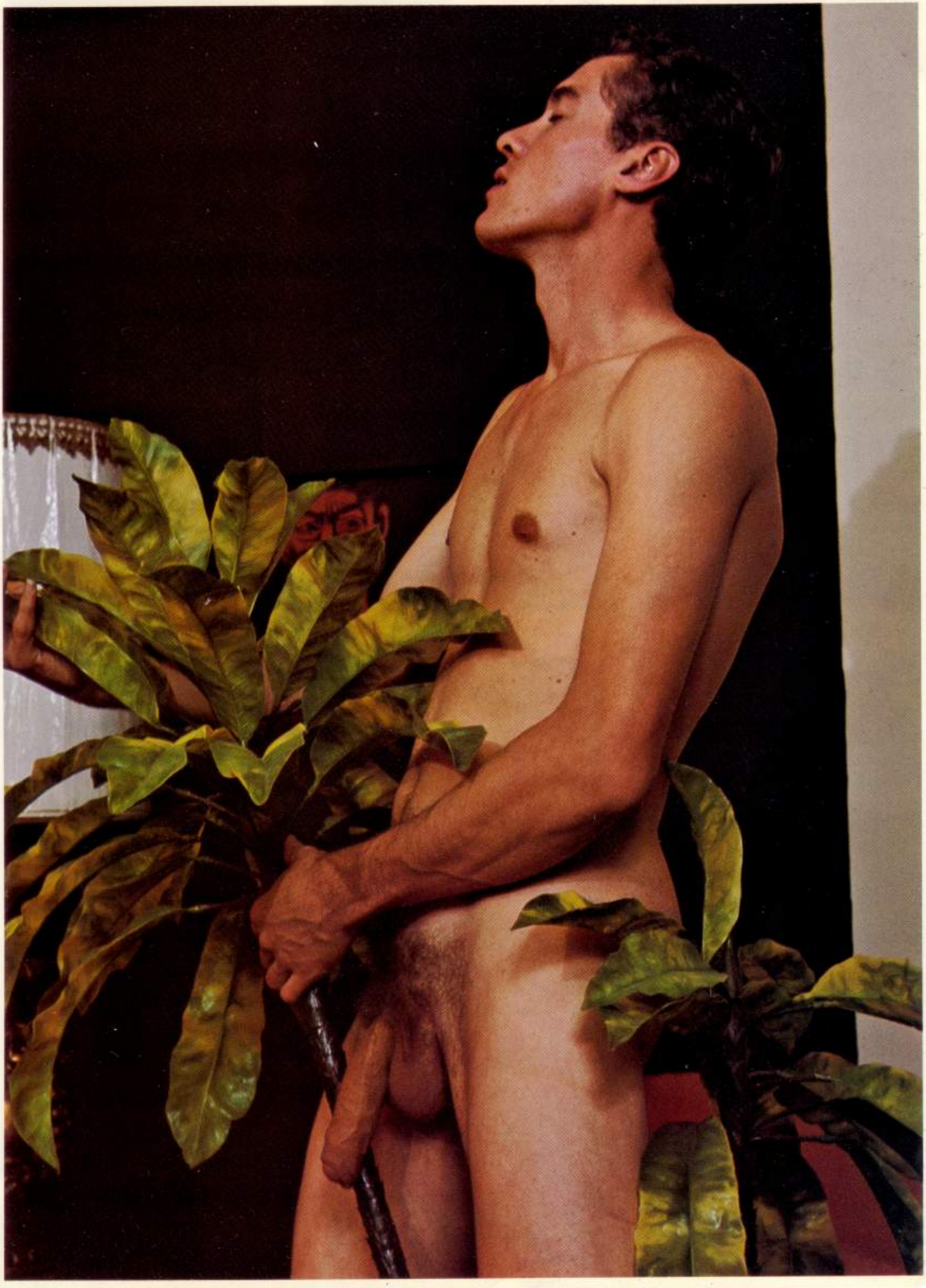

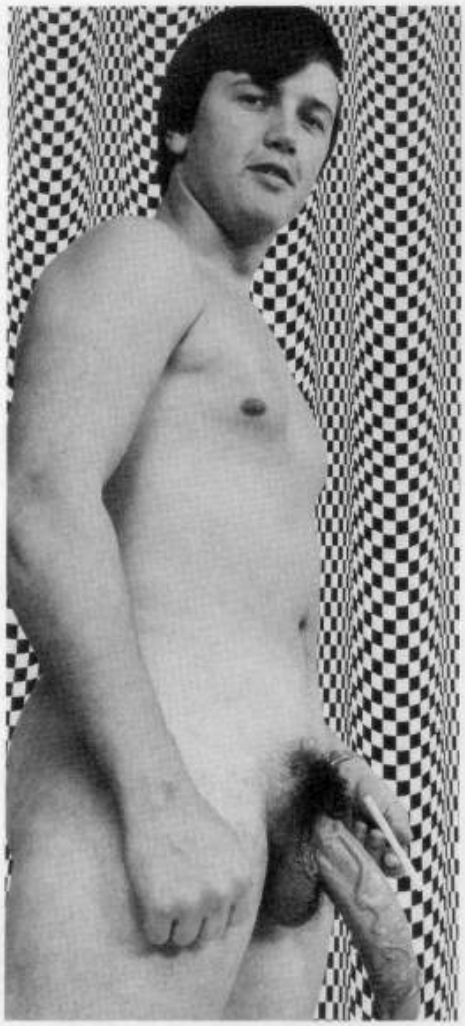

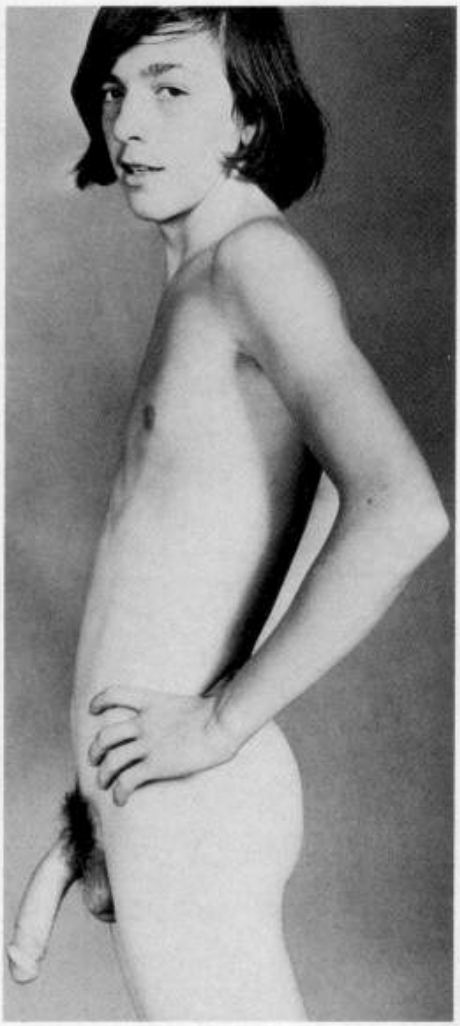

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on evidence gathered by his office, charged a non-profit, anti-pornography organization with garnering profits from its charitable contributions by claiming that it spent more than two-thirds of the funds raised on "administration."

Mr. Lefkowitz was able to obtain a show-cause order in Manhattan Supreme Court seeking to have Citizens for Decent Literature, Inc., of Cincinnati barred from soliciting funds in New York state.

The operations of this quasi-organization has been under suspicion in a number of states in which it has been functioning, its officers having adopted a holier-than-thou attitude while raking in contributions to support their fight for "decency."

It took the office of the Attorney General in New York to reveal these people for what they truly are—hypocrites. Hopefully, other states will follow suit.